MAR -2 1926

Life

Radio Number

March 4 1926

Price 15 cents

Identify the aristocrat of pens by this white dot

America has hailed this fountain pen desk-set with acclaim

It is not an ink-stand. It is a convenient and beautiful receptacle for our tapering Lifetime *fountain pens.* The ink is in the pen itself. And since the nib rests in a vacuum, it is ever ready for *instant action.* A new kind of desk-set for the home or office! Undoubtedly it is the greatest improvement that has ever been made in writing instruments. And that is the reason why we can hardly supply the American demand. Made in singles and doubles, with Radite Lifetime pens complete—pens which cost nothing for repair, since they are guaranteed for a lifetime. If your stationer, jeweler or druggist hasn't them write directly to us, and we will arrange to supply them through the dealer.

Prices, including long pens, from $10 to $30

At better dealers everywhere

SHEAFFER'S

PENS · PENCILS · SKRIP

W A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY
FORT MADISON IOWA

DONALD DENTON

Here's a Six you must surely reckon with if performance means a thing to you—a six that is bound to win you if you care one iota for the very utmost, and at the same time the most economical, in six-cylinder motoring

A big, beautiful, five-passenger, four-door Sedan, with four-wheel brakes and balloon tires —and a Hupmobile—at a remarkable price.

Hupmobile Six

LIFE: Published Weekly by Life Pub. Co., at 598 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. Subscription, $5.00. Vol. 87, No. 2261, March 4, 1926. Entered as Second Class Matter, June 8, 1883, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Printed in U. S. A. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office Dept., Canada. Copyright, 1926, LIFE, in the U. S., England and British Possessions.

Richard (*a sophisticated sophomore*): "HI! HAROLD, COME IN AND JOIN THE CLUB."

Harold (*a verdant freshman*): "WHAT CLUB?"

Laurence (*another sage sophomore*): "DICK'S GOT A CASE."

Harold: "WHAT CLUB? CASE OF WHAT—MEASLES?"

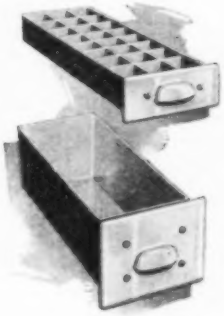
Sophomore Duet. "CLICQUOT CLUB!"

The Pale Dry *Clicquot Club Ginger Ale has a rare, evasive flavor; an intriguing subtlety that appeals instantly to the discriminating taste. A delight in itself, it also blends its personality joyously with other drinks. . . . . .*
The Clicquot Club Company, Millis, Massachusetts.

Announcing ~

Metal Cabinet Frigidaires

at New Low Prices



The new Frigidaires are equipped with either single or double-depth freezing trays, providing greater capacity for creams, ices, sherbets, salads and ice cubes.

HERE is a complete new line of metal cabinet Frigidaires, built of steel and insulated with solid corkboard, beautifully finished in enduring white Duco and bright metal trim, with linings of heavy, seamless one-piece porcelain-enameled steel.*

These new Frigidaires are operated with standard Frigidaire mechanical units that are today rendering dependable and economical service to more than 100,000 users.

A vastly increased demand has resulted in great economies in manufacturing, making possible the low prices of the new metal line which offers an ideal size and arrangement for the needs of every family. Adequate ice and dessert freezing capacity is provided by both single and double depth trays. These are shown at the left.

The new metal Frigidaires, made entirely at the Delco-Light factories, offer revolutionary values in household electric refrigeration. For instance, the model with a capacity of nine cubic feet has been our most popular size. We offer the same food storage capacity in the new metal line at a price $115 lower.

See the nearest Frigidaire distributor, branch or dealer for demonstration, or write us for catalog.

Also please remember that the Frigidaire mechanism, which can be installed in any good ice-box, costs as little as $190, f. o. b. Dayton, Ohio, and that any Frigidaire may be purchased on the GMAC Plan of deferred payments.

DELCO-LIGHT COMPANY, Dept. V-3, Dayton, Ohio

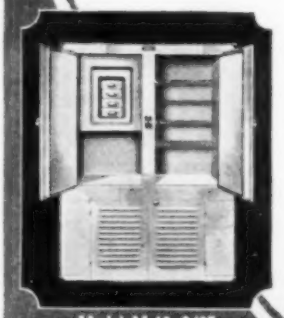
Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation

The World's Largest Makers of Electric Refrigerators

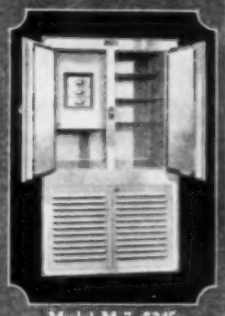
Frigidaire

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION

*The new metal cabinet Frigidaires have from five to fifteen cubic feet of food space, freeze from five to twelve pounds of ice, are finished in white Duco on steel, with bright metal trim, and are lined with seamless porcelain-enameled steel. *Model M-5-2 has no metal trim and is lined with enameled metal. All prices f. o. b. Dayton, Ohio.*

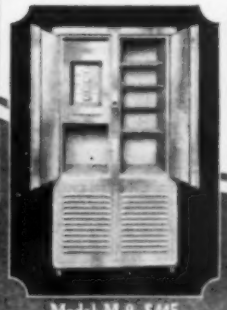


Model M-12, $495



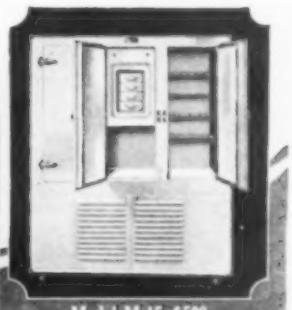
Model M-7, $345

Model M-5, $285



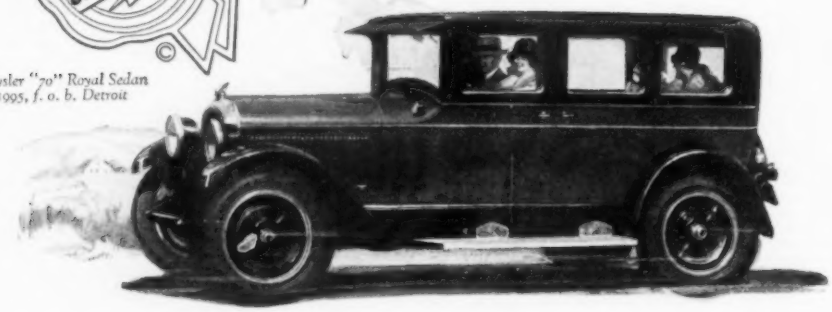
Model M-9, $445

Model M-5-2, $245



Model M-15, $590

CHRYSLER



Chrysler "70" Royal Sedan
$1995, f. o. b. Detroit

To All Women Who Do Not Ride In A Chrysler "70"—

Whatever car you ride in—or drive, if you are one of the great army of women drivers—we can promise you an entirely new delight in the Chrysler "70."

For the Chrysler "70" offers literally all of the things which women want most in their own cars.

Comparatively few women, it is true, care to ride as fast as 70 miles an hour; but the power which is indicated by 70 miles plus represents the utmost in acceleration, in smoothness, as well as in speed ability.

And think of a car without side-sway—a car so easy riding that you can travel at high speeds over cobbled streets or rutted roads—a car which steers with such unbelievable ease that all-day touring does not fatigue—a car made so safe by Chrysler hydraulic four-wheel brakes, and so compactly designed for easy parking, that you handle it with implicit confidence in any situation.

Chrysler is admittedly the style leader among motor cars—and that, of itself, is a genuine satisfaction.

The Chrysler dealer is eager to have you look at the beautiful Chryslers and give a leisurely inspection to all of their attractive features. Let him demonstrate its performance to you. Drive the car yourself—and then the next car in your family will be a Chrysler "70."

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICH.
Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ont.

CHRYSLER "70"—*Phaeton, $1395; Coach, $1445; Roadster, $1625; Sedan, $1695; Royal Coupe, $1795; Brougham, $1865; Royal Sedan, $1995; Crown Sedan, $2095. Disc wheels optional.*

CHRYSLER "58"—*Touring Car, $845; Roadster Special, $800; Club Coupe, $895; Coach, $935; Sedan, $995. Disc wheels optional. Hydraulic four-wheel brakes on all Chrysler "58" models at slight extra cost.*

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL "80"—*Phaeton, $2645; Roadster (wire wheels standard equipment; wood wheels optional), $2885; Coupe, four-passenger, $3195; Sedan, five-passenger, $3395; Sedan, seven-passenger, $3595; Sedan-limousine, $3695.*

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax. There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan. All Chrysler models are protected against theft by the Fedco patented car numbering system, exclusive with Chrysler, which cannot be counterfeited and cannot be altered or removed without conclusive evidence of tampering.

Bodies by Fisher on all Chrysler enclosed models. All models equipped with full balloon tires.

© CI B694462

RADIO Life NUMBER

THE CALL OF THE SEA

"THIS IS STATION WRT SIGNING OFF. S O S."

Choir Practice

WITHIN the vestry, heard by every votary,
The choir sang—a lean and hungry coterie;
But when the time arrived to end their chantry,
The Cot'rie left the Vestry for the Pantry.

A. G.

Beware of Strangers

BENEVOLENT GENTLEMAN (*to small boy*): And what is your name, sonny?

SMALL BOY (*suspiciously*): G'wan, you're not going to put me down on any mailing list.

Eve: THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG! THIS SET OSCILLATES TOO MUCH.
Adam: CONFOUND IT! I WOUND THAT COIL WITH A GARTER SNAKE.

The Decadence of the Radio

1927—Broadcaster fails to announce time when signing off.

1931—Englishman at last sees point of the Scotch radio joke of 1926.

1937—Radio salesman admits future sets can be much improved, and is fired from job.

1938—Radio salesman admits future sets can be much improved, and is *not* fired from job.

1940—"Sandy" Grenge, world's greatest athlete, broadcasts a speech in which he declares he is in athletics for money and not for the spiritual benefits.

1943—Man in Billings, Montana, gives up all hope of getting England on a one-tube set.

1950—Humorous magazines cease to print radio jokes, and the end is near.

1954—America's leading iconoclastic littérateur blames movies, jazz, commercialism and cheap literature for the low cultural level of the United States, but fails to mention the radio—and the once great industry lies down and dies.

Parke Cummings.

TEACHER: What is "gender?"

THE KID: It's the guy what takes care of the building, ma'am.

The Perfect Radio Program

This is Station MEOW. An orchestra which was organized to advertise a sausage or washing-machine manufacturer, I forget which, will play something. No prizes are offered to those guessing the name of the selection.

James P. Protheroe

JAMES P. PROTHEROE has a little radio,
James P. Protheroe has a little radio,
He turns on the doodad
And jiggles with the dinguses
And out of the horn comes a horrible squawk.

"There's too much static," says James P. Protheroe,
"There's too much static, I am sorry to say.
Wait till I wiggle this
Gadget just a little bit,
I'll try to get Buffalo or LRX."

Whenever a tune comes out of his radio,
Whenever you are set for a piece that you'd like,
James P. Protheroe
Will twiddle with the dinguses
And the darned thing trails off in a horrible noise.

"You ought to have heard this set last Saturday,
Got Pittsburgh and Davenport as clear as day.
It isn't quite right yet,"
Says James P. Protheroe.
"Maybe the batteries need charging again."

James P. Protheroe has a little radio,
James P. Protheroe's a terrible pest.
He never lets you listen
To the finish of anything.
As Mr. Lonsdale once remarked, "Aren't we all?"

Newman Levy.

How Famous Jokes Have Started

"TWO Irishmen, Pat and Mike..."
"HE: Why does a chicken..."
"Two Scotchmen, Jock and Sandy..."
"JINKS: Who was that lady I seen..."
"Two Hebrews, Abie and Ikey..."
"FIRST DRUNK: Wha'sha date..."
"Two Englishmen, Reggie and Archie..."
"SON: What is an optimist..."
"Two darkies, Rastus and Mose..."
"CONGRESSMAN VOLSTEAD: There ought to be a law..."

J. C. E.

MODERN version: Marry in haste, repeat at pleasure.

A Day with the Happiness Boys

Greetings

HOW do you do? — That's English.
How do you carry yourself? — That's French.
How do you stand? — That's Italian.
How do you find yourself? — That's German.
How do you fare? — That's Dutch.
How do you perspire? — That's Egyptian.
How do you have yourself? — That's Polish.
How do you live on? — That's Russian.
How is your stomach? — That's Japanese.
How can you? — That's Swedish.
Have you eaten your rice? — That's Chinese.
What's on your hip? — *That's American!*

Nellie.

The Quiet Evening at Home

THE good book, the slippers, the bathrobe, the pipe.... The semi-recumbent position in the easy-chair....The sigh of contentment as the book is opened and the pipe smoke begins to curl toward the ceiling....The ringing telephone....Wrong number....The flood of profanity.... The muttering and grumbling as the position in the easy-chair is resumed....The vacant stare at the first page of the book....The loud-speaker in the apartment below.... "Yes, sir, that's my baby. No, sir, don't mean maybe."... The crash of flat-wheeled street cars outside....The loud-speaker in the apartment above...."The teeth should not be brushed from left to right; but with a rotary motion."... The Ford with opened cut-out moving along the street in a series of explosions....The quarrel in the apartment across the court...."Don't you try to tell me nothin' about nothin', you big bully."...The squeaking of the ceiling....The hum in the water-pipes....Another loud-speaker...."But you fergot to remembahhhhhh."...The sudden restless feeling.... The frenzied pacing of the floor....The donning of damp shoes....The ignominious escape to the movies.

Robert Lord.

"DISTANCE, BY GUM!"

Life Lines

THE Charleston has been prohibited at the court balls in Bulgaria.

The throne there is shaky enough already.

In spite of the end of the coal strike, a returned traveler reports that the atmosphere around Washington, D. C., is getting so thick you can hardly cut it with an aluminum knife.

Everything about the coal strike has been settled except the bituminous dust.

According to Prof. H. F. COVINGTON, Princeton students have increased their vocabularies 3,000 words in the last ten years. Anything to beat Harvard!

"In the old days," says Bishop MORRISON of Iowa, "if I wanted a drink I took it, but I have at last changed my attitude." So have many others. Nowadays they take it whether they want it or not.

"CHINO," a native Filipino, ran amuck in a Manila drug store, drank a bottle of strychnine and dropped dead. If our island constituents haven't yet learned to drink ordinary poison and survive, it is clear proof they aren't yet ready for independence.

An Indiana school is planning a literary field day. The silver cup probably will go to the Indiana author who can turn out a novel in ten hours flat.

Mrs. RHETA CHILDE DORR, complaining of the lack of influence of her sex in obtaining votes, declares they are only "tools of politicians." Emphasizing that KIPLING was right when he remarked that "a woman is only a woman but a good cigar is a smoke."

Some university overlooked a bet when it failed to confer the degree of Doctorer of Laws on Mr. VOLSTEAD.

Enthusiasm in Missouri, according to a story in the New York *Times* on the operatic début of MARION TALLEY:

> "A message from one of the editors of The Kansas City Star to the Metropolitan management yesterday explained the feeling of the 'home folks' in hearty American fashion. 'First, let me say that the Talley début,' so the letter ran, 'is, so far as Kansas City is concerned, an event comparable with the inauguration of a President or the sinking of the Lusitania.'"

It has now been definitely established that the Phœnicians taught the Greeks how to write. What Americans want to know is, who taught them to cook corned beef and cabbage?

The Perfect Radio Program

This is Station MEOW. You are about to hear a tenor. Before you tune out we want it known that he is permitted to sing to-night only because he signed a pledge that he would not interrupt his rendition of "Oh, How I Miss You To-night" to tell us that he hasn't done right by his mother and that he's going back and tell her before it's too late.

Non-Union

WELL, it seems there was once a Wise Citizen who went for a Stroll one evening, when suddenly a Voice commanded, "Hands up!"

"Who are you?" asked the Citizen pleasantly.

"I'm a Holdup Man," answered the Voice, which, it turned out, belonged to a Middle-Aged Person of no very Striking Attributes.

"Bandit," corrected the Citizen.

"Bandit," the other agreed. "I'm sorry," he apologized, "but I haven't had much chance to read the Papers lately."

"I should say you hadn't," said the Citizen severely. "I don't believe you're a Bandit at all. You aren't at all Gruff and Guttural. And where's your Bobbed Hair Pal?"

"I haven't got one," apologized the Bandit humbly. "And I might as well confess, too, that I'm not even a Lone Wolf. I'm supposed to be working with a Friend, but I couldn't tear him away from the radio to-night."

"Well, well, you mustn't feel too badly," said the Citizen with Ready Sympathy. "We all make Mistakes, you know. Where's your High-Powered Car?"

The Bandit broke into Tears. "I knew I'd overlooked something," he said. "However," he added, brightening, "I might Commandeer a Taxi."

"That's what the Police do," the Citizen warned him sternly. "Let's see now. You aren't Roughly Dressed or even Dapper. That's against you. Your hair isn't slick enough for you to be the Super-Crook of the Century. You're too old to be a member of the Jazz-Mad Younger Generation and too young to have been Driven to Desperation in Crushing Grip of Heartless City. But I'll give you one more chance. What are you holding me up for, anyway?"

"Well," explained the Bandit, "I sort of need the money."

"Ho, ho, ho!" roared the Citizen. "And you call yourself a *Bandit!* My poor boy, don't you realize nobody goes into Crime these days from Sordid Motives? They do it for the Thrill. So long, friend."

Tip Bliss.

Poor Grade of Irish Confetti

DOCTOR (*after sewing up the gash*): What was the fight about, Casey?

CASEY: Oi was continding with O'Malley thot this hollow toile was as foine a building material as solid brick, but 'tis intoirely too fragile to howld its own ag'inst a brick in a fri'ndly argumint.

A CONGRESSMAN asserts that nearly all our Government clerks are time-killers and buck-passers; and he proposes to have the condition remedied as soon as he can persuade enough of his colleagues to sponsor the necessary bill.

"OH, LOOK! THE SPIDER HAS PUT UP HIS AERIAL AND NOW HE'S COMING DOWN TO LOOK FOR A PLACE TO FASTEN HIS GROUND WIRE."

"PAPA, I WISH YOU'D PUNISH WILLIE. HE'S BEEN SUCH A BAD BOY. HE WOULDN'T COME IN WHEN I CALLED HIM, HE WAS IMPUDENT, HE THREW A STONE THROUGH THE CELLAR WINDOW, AND HE——"

"OH, COME, COME! WE MUSTN'T BE TOO HARD ON THE BOY. IT'S JUST YOUTHFUL SPIRITS."

"AND HE WAS FOOLING WITH ONE OF THE NEW TUBES IN YOUR RADIO SET."

"WHAT?"

"LET ME AT HIM!"

The Man Without a Radio

HORACE WINCH was discouraged. In business and socially he was a failure—a complete dud.

Not stupid, not unwilling, he was nevertheless unable to keep a job longer than a week or ten days. Naturally, Horace was bewildered at his repeated failures—at a loss to understand the reason for them.

In each case his dismissal followed closely a conversation like this:

"What kind of radio have you, Winch?"

"Radio? Why, I have none, sir."

"Oh."

And two days later Horace would be looking for another job. But he saw no relation between the two events.

Nor did Horace click socially. He fell in love as easily as he fell into jobs and was given the gate with equal promptness. Girls liked him for a time and then became suddenly cool. As the discerning reader will suspect, each such blighting of his hopes followed a conversation in this vein:

"Horace, I'd like awfully to hear your radio."

"But—but I haven't got a radio!"

Fancy missing a chance like that. And once more Horace's heart would be looking for a place to light.

This went on and on, and Horace's future looked as dreary as February. But ah!—wait! One day Horace saw that justly famous advertisement, "Your Best Friend Wouldn't Tell You."

He hurried to find his best friend.

"What is it," he demanded, "that you wouldn't tell me?"

"I wouldn't tell you," replied the friend, "that you'll never be a two-fisted, he-success until you get a radio. And that, if I may say so, is the insidious thing about—"

But Horace had gone after a radio, which he had no trouble in procuring for a reasonable price at the modern drug store on the corner.

It would be superfluous to add that Horace is now one of our leading self-made millionaires and the possessor of a beautiful and talented wife.

It would also be largely untrue.

John C. Emery.

Farm Horse: WELL, OF ALL THE CRAZY HARNESS, THAT'S THE DARNEDEST I EVER SAW.

Grr-rr-rr-r-r-r!

MEN tell how disgusting fair "gold-diggers" are;
I think I can go them one better—
The maiden to me is more loathsome by far
Who writes a "Ha-ha!" in a letter!

Cap La Roe.

"THAT young chap over there is going to be a great writer."

"How do you know?"

"He wrote a true story that was really true, and it sounds just like a true story."

The DX Fan

BEFORE his radio he sat
And fiddled with the rheostat
And pushed and pulled at this
and that.

With admirable patience he
Sought stations far across the sea,
London, Madrid, and gay Paree.

In vain! He caught no distant tones
Of violins or saxophones;
Only the static's wails and moans.

Was he downhearted? Nay, not so.
"I'll try for Scotland ere I go,"
He murmured to his radio.

Once more he clamped about his bean
The harness of his ear-phones keen
And fished...and fished...for Aberdeen.

A static scream, to wake the dead,
Burst suddenly about his head...
"Bagpipes!" he cried, and went to bed.

George S. Chappell.

"MY WIFE'S LEARNING TO COOK BY RADIO; LAST NIGHT WE HAD STATIC WITH ONIONS!"

Idyl

THE visitor entered a large, well-lighted room filled with seats. In these men were sleeping, reading newspapers or conversing in small groups; in a corner three were playing cards. At one end of the room a poorly dressed gentleman was engaged in talking, apparently to himself, for no one was paying any attention to him.

"What is this place?" queried the visitor. "A club?"

"No," replied his guide patiently; "you have before you a college professor and his class." *J. D.*

THE hand that used to rock the cradle is now writing birth control propaganda.

It Had to Come

PLAINLY the old man was sad. He sat, elbows on knees, chin resting in his hands, staring moodily and reminiscently at the thing on the floor. His thoughts ran slowly over the past; over all the sad, over all the amusing, over all the commonplace happenings of the endless years gone by—over the never-ending toil of his lifelong quest. And now the end had been reached. The long-traveled trail had been traversed for the last time. Yes, this was the end. It had to come.

Slowly, lovingly, he lifted the thing from the floor; tenderly he held it before his eyes, and with tear-stained cheeks murmured caressing words to it—to this inanimate object which had been his boon companion these many years. Carefully, with the devotion of a mother for her child, he brushed it with the edge of his worn robe, removing a spot here and a spot there.

"Yes, old pal," he said, with a choked-back sob in his throat, "to-day we must part, for our long search is over. I've found a radio bug who admits that he could not get London on a crystal set."

And Diogenes burst into tears.

C. M. Stuart.

The Perfect Radio Program

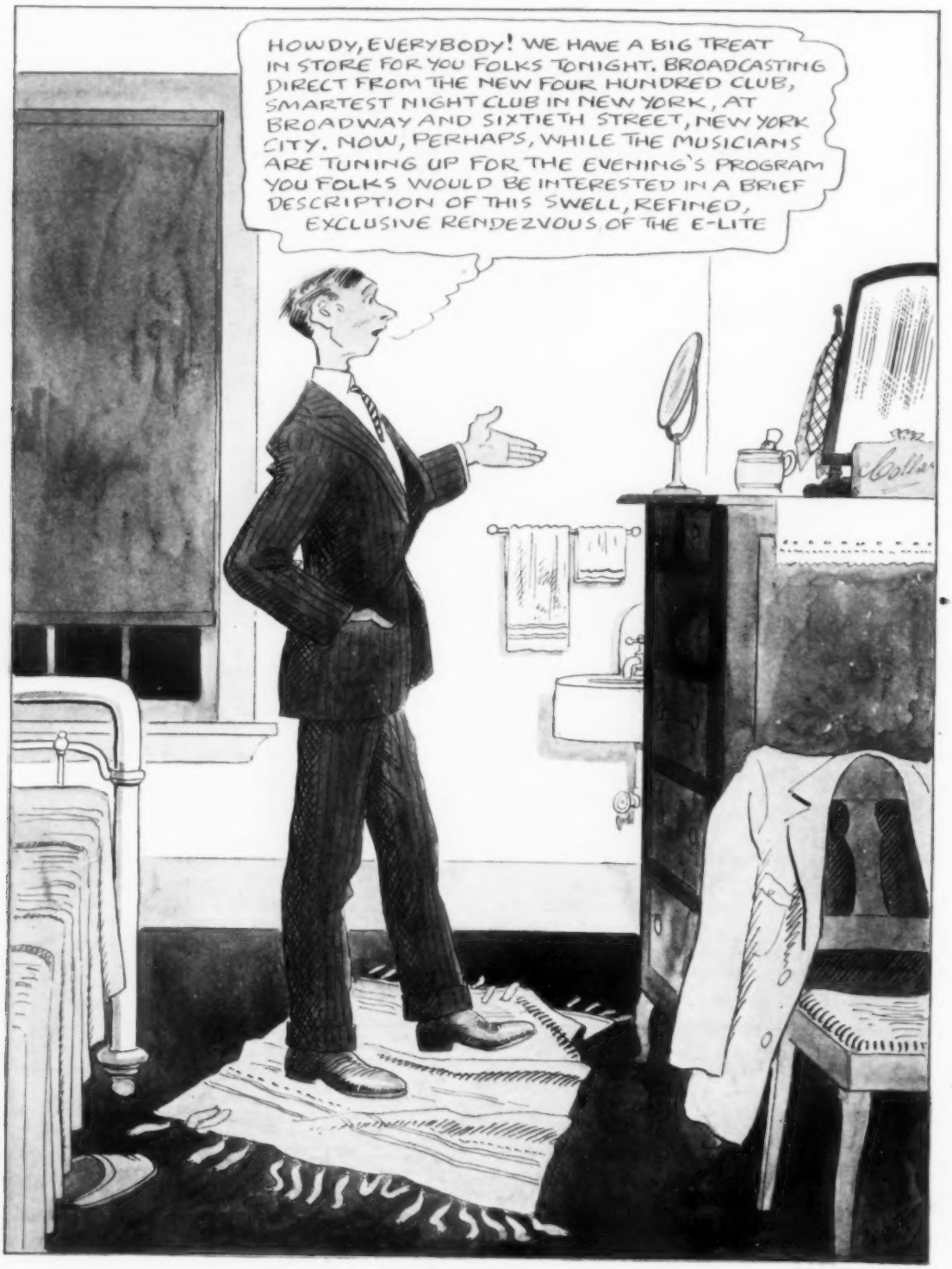
This is Station MEOW. Next we will have a vocal offering by a quartette. It will *not* be "Old MacDonald's Farm."

In Retaliation

"I'LL tell my dad not to let your dad have any more liquor," sobbed the bootlegger's boy, tenderly fingering his black eye.

"Yes, and I'll tell my dad not to keep your dad out of jail any more," retorted the politician's youngest, caressing a swollen nose.

IT would take two thousand tons of sea water to yield one gram of gold. At that rate we know of a man who has Florida real-estate holdings worth twenty-eight cents.



Radio Struck

Super-Heterodyne

OF all the words that tongues have sung,
Sounding so fair and fine,
Since apes evolved and humans sprung
Out of the simian line,
The sweetest word in any tongue
Is "Super-heterodyne."

I do not know what it may mean,
I do not care to know,
Nor what its Greek roots may have been
Nor why I love it so;
It came, I think, with that machine
They call the radio.

I wish it were a word of love,
The name of some rare wine
(For I should deem it far above
"Chablis" or "sweetheart mine"),
Some fairyland, some treasure-trove,
My Super-heterodyne!

It hangs above the world serene
Like mist above the snow;
Whispers across the silent sheen
Of lakes in sunset glow,
Sung by a hidden naiad queen
In dreamy tremolo.

Ah, what a passion I could prove
With such a word as mine,
Like Marlowe when he tried to move
His loved one with that line,
"Come live with me and be my love,"
My Super-heterodyne!

Roger Burlingame.

DOLLY: I didn't think you were serious when you asked me to marry you.

DICK: I wasn't until I saw you thought I was joking.

THE CURRENT ALIBI

"WHERE DID YOU GET THE SHINER?"

"THEY ARE BURNING SOFT COAL OVER AT THE FRAT HOUSE."

Conclusions

SPEAKIN' of gettin' left 'minds me Doc Brady had the boys all laughin' up to the store the other night tellin' 'em 'bout the time old Ephra'm Pillsbury was sick after he had that fall through into the barn cellar, the time the hired man ran away with Si Gleason's wife after the picnic up to Beach Plum Grove, and he had to do the chores. Doc says they had to keep the old man in bed and awful quiet, so the grandchildren, those kids of young Ephra'm's by his first wife, that harum-scarum gel of Seth Wilbour's, was sent over to Ephie's sister's husband's folks up to Cranberryville.

Well, it seems Doc was up to Ephra'm's the day the kids come home and he told 'em they could go in and see their grandpa but they was only to stand quiet by the bed a few minutes.

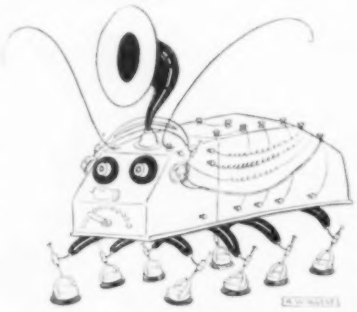
Well, Doc says he thought he'd die when the kids come out of that room, he says he'll never forget the disappointed way they looked. Doc says the kids said, "We kept real quiet but they never showed us the baby."

Beatrice Herford.

The Boy: I WONDER WHO'S AT THE MIKE.
Grandmother: DON'T SAY MIKE, DEAR—IT'S MICHAEL.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

February 7th Awake betimes, and reading in the publick prints how Mr. and Mrs. Stillman have become reconciled after their long and disgraceful bickering. I could not find it in my heart to cherish against Sam a grievance which had not lasted twenty-four hours, so did bespeak him fair at once, to his great surprise, whereupon he did suggest, without any machination on my part, that I do purchase at his expense the rose diamond set which I have coveted. Then we fell a-gossiping about our acquaintance, in especial of M. T., a lamentable wretch who is forever complaining of this and that defection in individuals and referring to himself as a gentleman, and Sam vouchsafed, A gentleman needs no bush, but he certainly needs good wine. He did tell, too, of an afternoon wherein M. T. had got halfway to his drawing-room fireplace with a log of wood and had then taken it back to the box, saying, Wait a minute—I've got a butler to do this....A great crowd at our house for tea, and the talk turning to "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," which is now in much demand at the local booksellers', I did state that my own blondness had been unmistakable until the city took to soft coal, whereupon Ralph Crews said, In other words, you're a blonde in a hard coal year. And Octavia Bonfoey did tell how, at the approach of her last birthday, a friend had interviewed one of her servants, saying, Now, I do not want to go out and buy Mistress Bonfoey something she might not like for a birthday present—tell me, Lizzie, something that she really needs and might not think of buying for herself, whereto Lizzie rejoined, She needs a new double boiler. ...Won a wager this night from Larry Dickinson as to whether Lily Dunham and her new spouse would join us for supper, Larry holding that Sabbath solitude was a honeymoon feature, an argument which I could not wholly gainsay, but I have noticed that when people wait as long as those two to wed, such good intentions as going to church by day and reading "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" aloud by night go astray when an attractive invitation comes along.



THE RADIO BUG

February 8th A great package arriving early did set me all a-flutter with delight over the receipt of an unexpected present, but it was nought but the garbage pail I had ordered three weeks ago at Bloomingdale's and forgotten. So up and did on my brown Balbriggan, which fits me ill about the neck and which I do wear when I am certain of meeting no one whom I shall ever encounter again, for Lord! one cannot cast away whole garments for a whim until one has given them at least half a dozen wearings. Then to Saks's shop, where Miss McDougall in the adjustment bureau did see to it that I got a new bag and three dollars and forty-five cents in money to compensate for the old purse I left at the counter three weeks ago and which was lost in delivery, which pleased me mightily; but when Sam heard of it, he berated me for accepting any cash in the transaction, and went on at a great rate about the absence of honour in women, and, albeit I am certain he spoke in jest, did succeed in dimming my pleasure a bit, the brute....Bob Akin to dinner, and we fell a-talking of our first and early libations, and I did recall the time when I travelled to Illinois to visit my father, who was stopping at an inn, and carried along a bottle of cocktayles to which I was fearful of attracting notice by ordering up cracked ice, and so did frappe them with icicles which I artfully plucked from the window ledge at the risk of my life. I was twenty-five years old, too, if a day, so how the modern flapper would laugh at my temerity! Nor would my father have cared, neither, methinks, for Lord! when he caught me at my first cigarette, he did twinklingly reproach me for not having conventionally asked his permission to smoke.

Baird Leonard.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE LOUD-SPEAKER ON THE AMERICAN HOME

Discovery

RADIOS have entered American homes to stay—especially the sets not bought on the installment plan.

Logical Error

SMITHERS had just been rescued from his burning home. Firemen had found him absorbed in the workings of a new super-synchro-heterodyne set.

"I smelled the smoke," he admitted; "but I thought I had KDKA."

Lessons in New Yorkese

Radio

"SORITE inna middleavva pogramma set goes compleely ded."

"Sherray battries."

"Nowittaint meyay battries. Themsall noo."

"Hownoo?"

"Chamean hownoo? Theywasnoo wenna gottem."

"Owellats diffrint. Howabout yabees? Hominy jolts ya usein?"

"Niney jolts. Igotta hole niney upmeyawm jussa cuplanites sago."

"Wellatsa good test. Yagotta seebattry?"

"NowIyaint gotta seebattry. Sainta alfabit saraddio."

"Wellen atsatrubbil. Sa seebattry."

"Itellya Iyaint gonno seebattry."

"Sure swattIm tellinya. Yagot toomuch oskallation."

"Iyaint gotnothin. Rite inna middleavva pogramma setgoes compleely ded."

"Itdidnt fadeout like?"

"NowI tellya. Itwent ded ded ded."

"Owitwent ded treetimes onya?"

"Thassawisecrack."

"Dagetsawr fella Imony tryinta helpya. Yasure ittaint yerray battries?"

"Acaws Iyam. Lissen willya. Rite inna middleavva pogramma——"

"Themmay battries ca giveya alotta trubbil..."

"Lissen willya. Rite inna middle——"

"Yeah yatolme. Ireely think yahadawta getta seebattry."

"Willya lissen *aminnit*. Iyaint tolya."

"Wellawrite. Whattizzit?"

"Rite inna middleavva pogram afool kid pushes araddio ofenna table."

Henry William Hanemann.

Mr. Webster Please Note

PROFESSION—Any business which requires you to pay its members, whether they do a good job or not.

AMONG the makers of one-piece bathing suits, the thigh's the limit.

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

The Giant: WAIT TILL I GET YOU, YOU YOUNG RASCAL. I'LL TEACH YOU TO CHOP DOWN MY GROUND WIRE.

A Radioddity

"It is now only a question of years when heat will be broadcasted by radio in the same manner that sound is broadcasted to-day."
—*New York Times.*

YES, and it is now only a question of years when we shall be having another of the coldest winters since the Big Snow of '88. There will, of course, be a coal strike, due to the miners' and operators' being unable to decide what they're striking about, and Dad will come home some night triumphantly bearing a new heat radio under his arm. It is one of the latest "Super-Heats," and is complete with loud-heater, or, as we would say, radiator.

Dad makes his set-up, and looks up his stations.

"Good program to-day," he announces. "Mount Vesuvius will be broadcasting all night on a heat-wave length of 382 degrees, and if there's no static we might get the Sahara Desert station at midnight—that's noon out there, and they're featuring a good hot wind."

"That might make it too draughty," says Mother. "How about something nearer home?"

"Well," replies her husband, "one of the tabloid newspapers is going on the air right now, with the exclusive inside story of the latest society divorce scandal."

"Tune in, tune in!" scream the family who take the *Times*, and Dad does so. There is a flash, a roar—and the heat-radio is a pool of melted metal.

"What was that due to? To static?" asks Ma.

"No, too ecstatic!" replies Pa, as who wouldn't?

A. C. M. Azoy, Jr.

The Effect

CORONER: You say you had several drinks with the deceased in his room?

WITNESS: Yes, sir.

CORONER: Did you notice any bad after-effects?

WITNESS: Yes.

CORONER: Explain in your own words just what they were.

WITNESS (*pointing to corpse*): Him!

WHEN a man gets home from work and finds his wife reading an auto magazine, he had better go on back to work.

MARCH 4, 1926 VOL. 87. 2261

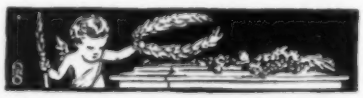
"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
598 Madison Avenue, New York

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, *President*
R. E. SHERWOOD, *Editor* CLAIR MAXWELL, *Vice-President*
F. D. CASEY, *Art Editor* LANGHORNE GIBSON, *Secretary and Treasurer*

THERE seems to be what amounts to a conspiracy to represent the people of the United States as skinflints and fanatics, and its government as an aggregation of Meddlesome Matties. The farce of war-debt collections in which we are involved is bad enough, but will doubtless work out in time, and must be endured meanwhile, but the holding up on ridiculous grounds of people who come here is something that must be within control, and that ought to be controlled very promptly.

It was pure nonsense to send the Countess Cathcart to Ellis Island under some strained interpretation of the Immigration Law. The main purpose of the Immigration Law is to keep out people who have dangerous diseases or are liable to come on the country for support. There is nothing physically the matter, so far as known, with the Countess Cathcart; neither is she at all likely to become a public charge on the American people. The idea of the immigration people in New York and in Washington must have been that since they had been cruel in many cases to very poor people, they might make up for it in part by ill-treatment of some one who was well known and rich. It is understood that the Countess Cathcart ran away from her husband with the Earl of Craven, which may have been bad judgment on her part and even sinful, but it is not an offense for which she should be kept out of the United States. It is not recommended to women to run away from their husbands and take up with other men, but the thing is done frequently in this country as well as in others. Of course there are a lot of wives whom somebody ought to run away with because their husbands are unsuitable company for them. Whether the Countess Cathcart was such a person is not disclosed, but to hold that she is a criminal and too bad to come into this country is ridiculous. If she is a criminal, it is safe to say that our Constitution and Government are of criminal origin, since many of the Fathers who got them up were quite as careless in their domestic relations as Lady Cathcart. Mrs. Atherton, who investigated them in her inquiries into Hamilton, said they had the morals of tom-cats. Still they were some good and an example in many particulars to our immigration authorities. They knew what was what and the immigration people don't.



THE other day, February 13, the *Harvard Lampoon* celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its existence. It started as a college publication in 1876, and except for an interval for rest has kept going ever since and is active and prosperous now. It was the trail-maker for college publications of its sort, of which there is now a small army.

Seven years after the *Lampoon*, LIFE was started, and for its earliest numbers drew considerably on the talent that the *Lampoon* had brought to light. One of its earliest contributors and an active spirit in the starting of it was John T. Wheelwright, writer, politician and lawyer, who died last month in Boston. Mr. Wheelwright, a founder of the *Lampoon*, was a blithe spirit, full of kindness and humor. When LIFE was proposed he took an immediate interest in the suggestion, and though he would not enlist himself as Editor as was desired, he did what he could to encourage and help on the project and was, as said, an early contributor.

Another gentleman who rocked the cradle of LIFE and has just died (February 13), was Henry Holt, the publisher. An old and intimate friend of John A. Mitchell, the main founder of LIFE, he brought to the enterprise which Mr. Mitchell meditated a warm and constant personal friendship and his own experience as a publisher. Indeed, Mr. Mitchell tried to get Mr. Holt to publish his paper but did not succeed, since Mr. Holt was fully convinced that nothing but a miracle could make such a paper win out, and as a publisher he did not dare bet that a miracle would happen. It did happen—nothing less. The paper did go and Mr. Holt's hopes and best wishes were realized in the contradiction of his professional judgment.

COLONEL HOUSE'S memoirs still at this writing hold their place on the front page of the *Herald Tribune*. Since allusion was made in LIFE the other day to Mrs. Wilson's refusal to permit her husband's letters to Colonel House to appear in these memoirs, it should be added that permission to publish letters from Mr. Wilson has been refused not only to Colonel House, but to every one else. There was no special discrimination against Colonel House. Mrs. Wilson and her advisers preferred that Mr. Wilson's letters should appear all together in the authorized biography (Mr. Baker's), which is a not-unreasonable preference, though disturbing to the balance of Colonel House's book in which only his own part of his long correspondence with Mr. Wilson can be given. Mrs. Bryan, to be sure, put letters from Mr. Wilson into her book, but not, it seems, by permission.

THE coal strike seems to be over. Let us hope it really is. It was a most foolish strike; cost a lot of money, involved a vast deal of dirt, public inconvenience and suffering. Nobody is ahead on it. The solution reached constitutes a kind of peace without victory, of which perhaps there is a better opinion nowadays than there was when Mr. Wilson advocated it in the war.

E. S. Martin.

The Months
THE SOVIET
CHINA JEWELS
FOR BARTER OR SALESKI!
THE SENATE
WORLD COURT FILIBUSTER
UPSET
COAL
"MAMMY!"
CONSUMER
WINTER
THE ROOSEVELT
WHERE HONOR IS DUE
ENOUGH IS PLENTY!
DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
BANKING MERGER
MONOPOLY
MUSSOLINI
RATTLE, RATTLE!
AMUNDSEN
DR. COOK'S CLAIM
BETTER LET IT LIE.

". . . I kiss the dear fingers s

fingers so toil-worn for me . . ."

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, *readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.*

More or Less Serious

The Beaten Track. *Frolic*—Look a little further.

Craig's Wife. *Morosco*—The woman who played safe and didn't quite make it. A fine play with Chrystal Herne.

The Creaking Chair. *Lyceum*—To be reviewed next week.

Cyrano de Bergerac. *Hampden's*—Walter Hampden in a revival of our favorite poetic drama.

The Dybbuk. *Neighborhood*—Jewish mysticism made interesting in some strange manner.

East Lynne. *Provincetown*—To be reviewed later.

Easy Virtue. *Empire*—Jane Cowl worth seeing as the unpopular daughter-in-law.

Embers. *Henry Miller's*—Henry Miller and Laura Hope Crews in something good enough.

The Enemy. *Times Square*—Fay Bainter in anti-war propaganda.

Goat Song. *Guild*—Spectacular and at times highly thrilling drama about something or other.

The Great Gatsby. *Ambassador*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Great God Brown. *Greenwich Village*—Eugene O'Neill's probe into life, not always crystal-clear but beautifully written.

The Green Hat. *Broadhurst*—That old devil sex.

Hedda Gabler. *Comedy*—Emily Stevens in the Ibsen stand-by.

The Jazz Singer. *Cort* — Sentimental troubles of George Jessel.

The Jest. *Plymouth*—Basil Sydney, Violet Heming and Alphonz Ethier in Florentine dirty-work.

A Lady's Virtue. *Bijou*—Mary and Florence Nash after Robert Warwick.

Lulu Belle. *Belasco*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Makropoulos Secret. *Charles Hopkins*—A good idea only moderately effective. Helen Menken as the lady with the secret.

The Monkey Talks. *National*—Circus play featuring a man who looks like an ape.

The Night Duel. *Mansfield*—To be reviewed next week.

The Right to Kill. *Garrick*—To be reviewed next week.

The Shanghai Gesture. *Martin Beck*—Reviewed in this issue.

Twelve Miles Out. *Playhouse*—Rousing deep-sea melodrama.

The Unchastened Woman. *Princess*—To be reviewed next week.

Young Woodley. *Belmont*—Glenn Hunter in a tender portrayal of youthful *Sehnsucht*.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Three years from this week there will be another inauguration in Washington. It looks like Coolidge again, although, of course, Coolidge made quite a lot of enemies through his handling of the coal strike. Thank heavens, the strike is over.

Alias the Deacon. *Hudson*—Regular card-sharp drama.

The Butter-and-Egg Man. *Longacre*—Several hundred laughs over Gregory Kelly and the ease of losing money on Broadway.

Cradle Snatchers. *Music Box*—Low stuff.

Easy Come, Easy Go. *Biltmore*—Otto Kruger and Victor Moore in bing-bing farce.

Is Zat So? *Central*—Prizefighting comedy which has held the boards for two seasons.

The Jay Walker. *Klaw*—Out.

Laff That Off. *Wallack's*—Good enough.

The Last of Mrs. Cheyney. *Fulton*—Ina Claire, Roland Young and A. E. Matthews in high-class crook work.

Love 'Em and Leave 'Em. *Sam H. Harris*—Reviewed in this issue.

One of the Family. *Eltinge*—Grant Mitchell in Boston family trouble.

The Patsy. *Booth*—Pleasant.

Puppy Love. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Vivian Martin and a great deal of farce.

The Right Age to Marry. *Forty-Ninth St.*—To be reviewed next week.

A Weak Woman. *Ritz*—Civilized French comedy, with Estelle Winwood and the Morgan Bros.

The Wisdom Tooth. *Little*—To be reviewed next week.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Artists and Models. *Winter Garden*—Phil Baker and the Hoffmann Girls.

The Bunk of 1926. *Heckscher*—To be reviewed next week.

By the Way. *Gaiety*—Very nice British revue, with Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge.

Charlot's Revue. Last week of the incomparable Lillie-Lawrence-Buchanan combination.

The Cocoanuts. *Lyric*—Die Gebrüder Marx and very funny.

Dearest Enemy. *Knickerbocker* — Helen Ford in an equally pretty show.

Greenwich Village Follies. *Chanin's*—Florence Moore and Tom Howard furnishing what comedy there is in all this beauty.

Merry, Merry. *Vanderbilt*—Fast and furious.

A Night in Paris. *Casino de Paris*—Good French work.

No, No, Nanette. *Globe*—Still going.

Princess Flavia. *Shubert*—Big.

Song of the Flame. *Forty-Fourth St.*—Just as big.

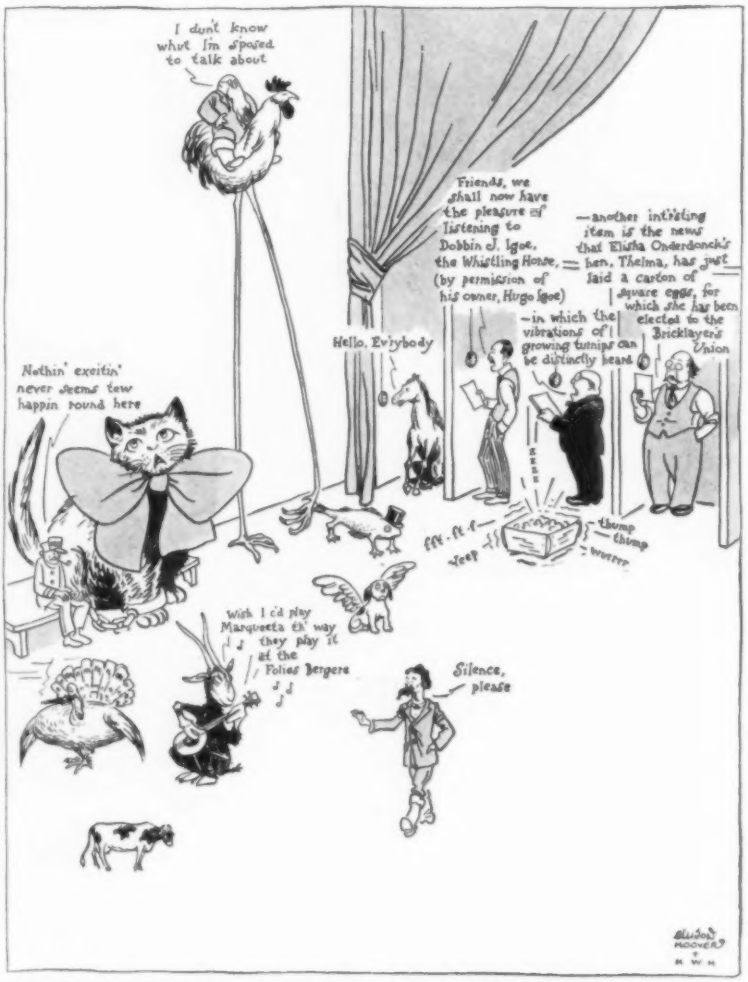
The Student Prince. *Century*—Hi-ho.

Sunny. *New Amsterdam*—Marilyn Miller in a grand show.

Tip-Toes. *Liberty*—One of the best.

The Vagabond King. *Casino* — Old-fashioned operetta.

Vanities of 1926. *Earl Carroll*—For comedy—Joe Cook, Julius Tannen and Frank Tinney.



WINSTED, CONN., INAUGURATES A NEW BROADCASTING STATION

Red Meat

THERE can be no question about it, life does have its physical side. And we, in the theatre, must face it, willy-nilly. (By the way, what ever became of that Willy Pogany case?)

Broadway in the past few weeks has met the situation squarely. The conspiracy of silence concerning sex matters which has existed for so long has been broken and at last we know where we stand. There *is* a differentiation between the sexes and the groups are called "male" and "female."

Mr. Woods has chosen to bring the message in one form with "The Shanghai Gesture," Mr. Belasco in another with "Lulu Belle." The methods are respectively those of the peep-show and the panorama.

IN "The Shanghai Gesture" we see the various phases of commercial love on the Chinese curb market. Practically nothing is spared and one wonders if, after all, man isn't just an animal. (We must take that matter up for discussion sometime.) The motif of the play is one of a wronged woman's vengeance, and as every one in the world likes to hear some one else get a good bawling out, the scene in which Florence Reed makes the gesture from which the play derives its name—if you could call a laying-about with vicious right- and left-hooks to the jaw a gesture—is pretty sure to draw out tremendous applause and send audiences away in considerable of a twitter.

The thing begins to assume just a touch of a stunt when the Britisher who was to blame for everything finds that not only has he one daughter as an inmate of *Mother Goddam's* establishment, but *two*, which is certainly Nemesis running wild. The tragedy of the Britisher's position is a little lightened for the audience by the fact that McKay Morris, who plays the rôle, wears a dress-suit which is just a teenty-weenty bit large for him.

However, "The Shanghai Gesture" accomplishes what it sets out to do, and consequently seats are very difficult to buy.

IN "Lulu Belle," by Edward Sheldon and Charles MacArthur, we are offered four large and sumptuous episodes in the life of a colored music-hall girl, involving the dragging down and down of what was once a respectable barber. The thing is all too stark to be under suspicion of pandering to the *voyeur* element (with the possible exception of one low comedy scene in the second act), and there are moments when it strikes pretty close to the foundation of things.

Mr. Belasco has given the play a production such as no other producer in town could possibly have given it, and Lenore Ulric and Henry Hull were evidently ordained years ago by some supernatural casting director for the two leading rôles. "Lulu Belle" may not be the kind of thing you like to see in the theatre, but you are unquestionably going to see it and it isn't going to do you a bit of harm.

WHATEVER sins Owen Davis may have committed in his one hundred and two box-office successes, it must always be remembered to his honor that he did make his heroine in "The Detour" a bad artist and that he kept his *Gatsby* a perfect replica of the hero of Scott Fitzgerald's novel. More pretentious playwrights than Mr. Davis have done much less.

"The Great Gatsby" keeps to the ironic spirit of the novel with a fidelity seldom found in dramatizations. And Mr. Brady, of all producers to put on a Scott Fitzgerald opus, has outdone himself in the casting. James Rennie is practically perfect in the title rôle, and Florence Eldridge is *Daisy* if ever we pictured her.

The fact that "The Great Gatsby" and "Lulu Belle" are both successes ought to cast perhaps just the shadow of a doubt on the happy-ending superstition and the theory that your heroine must be a sympathetic character. Some day perhaps the fact that a play is a good play will be considered.

ANOTHER old rule of the managers' receives a setback in "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em." The heroine gets fired in the end and the mean little sister is seen on her way to certain advancement. George Abbott and John V. A. Weaver have made a delightful little play of life among department-store clerks without compromising at the final curtain, and there are several scenes which are as true and fine as anything in town. Much of the feeling that here is a modest gem in its way is due to the performances of Florence Johns and Donald Meek and the rest of an excellent cast.

On reading over this page it seems that we have been highly pleased almost constantly. Can it be that our recent illness has weakened the old resistance?

Robert Benchley.

The Perfect Radio Program

This is Station MEOW. I have been asked to announce that Henry P. Trigwiller will not be with us tonight to deliver his address on "The Golden Rule in Business." Mr. Trigwiller has been missing since Tuesday. The creditors will receive fifteen cents on the dollar.

The Revival at Lemont

THE pastors of the five churches in the lovely town of Lemont had a complaint against their congregations. *On Sunday the people played golf and went motoring.*

So by solemn agreement the five pastors severally preached to congregations present against the sins and waywardness of the congregations absent. *But on Sunday the people still played golf and went motoring.*

Next, the five pastors after a conference began a campaign to popularize their Sunday services. A golf professional preached in the Methodist pulpit, for instance; an automobile salesman sang several solos in the Presbyterian Church, and the Episcopalians were entertained with classic dancing. The result was that *the people on Sunday played golf and went motoring.*

Then, finally, in one of the Monday conferences, the Lutheran pastor said, "We shall quit trying to sell religion as if it were a luxury. Religion has always been an elemental need of men. If there were no churches they would create churches to satisfy their need. Therefore let's take the churches away from them temporarily. Let's starve them into a conviction of the sin of waywardness."

Said the Episcopal rector, "My brother has a grand idea. Note what happened to men's desire for intoxicating liquors when such liquors were denied them by law. Let us close our church doors."

And so the doors were shut and placarded. Consternation reigned in the quiet town, and there was much vociferous discussion. After a time *the people on Sunday played golf and went motoring.* *H. Colyum.*

The Perfect Radio Program

This is Station MEOW. We have received 1,036 copies of the following telegram: "Program coming in fine." The names and addresses of the senders are unimportant.

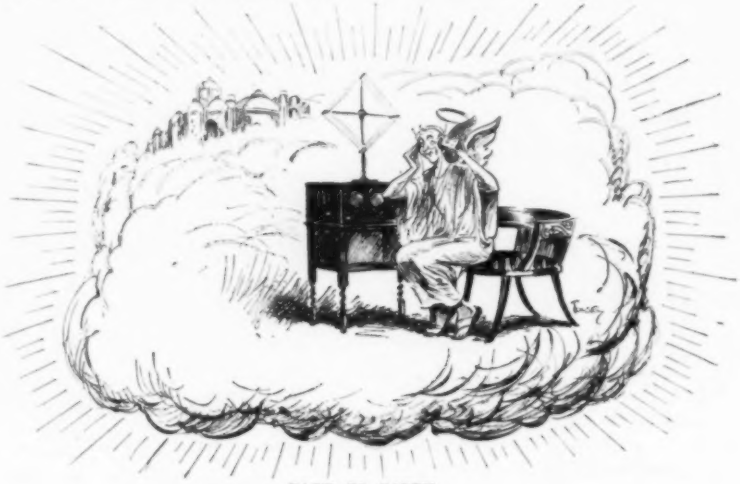
Degree of Danger

DOROTHY, age five, was coming home from kindergarten, accompanied by another five-year-old. She arrived home in the midst of a terrific thunderstorm. Asked if she had been frightened at the storm, she said:

"Oh, I wasn't half as scared as Gladys was—and I was walking on the outside of the walk, right next to it, too!"

Nubbville Spark

A CONSPICUOUS late-model fool is the radio fan who can convince himself that the broadcastin' of Easter sermons will keep his wife from wantin' a new bonnet.



BACK TO EARTH

Business Progress

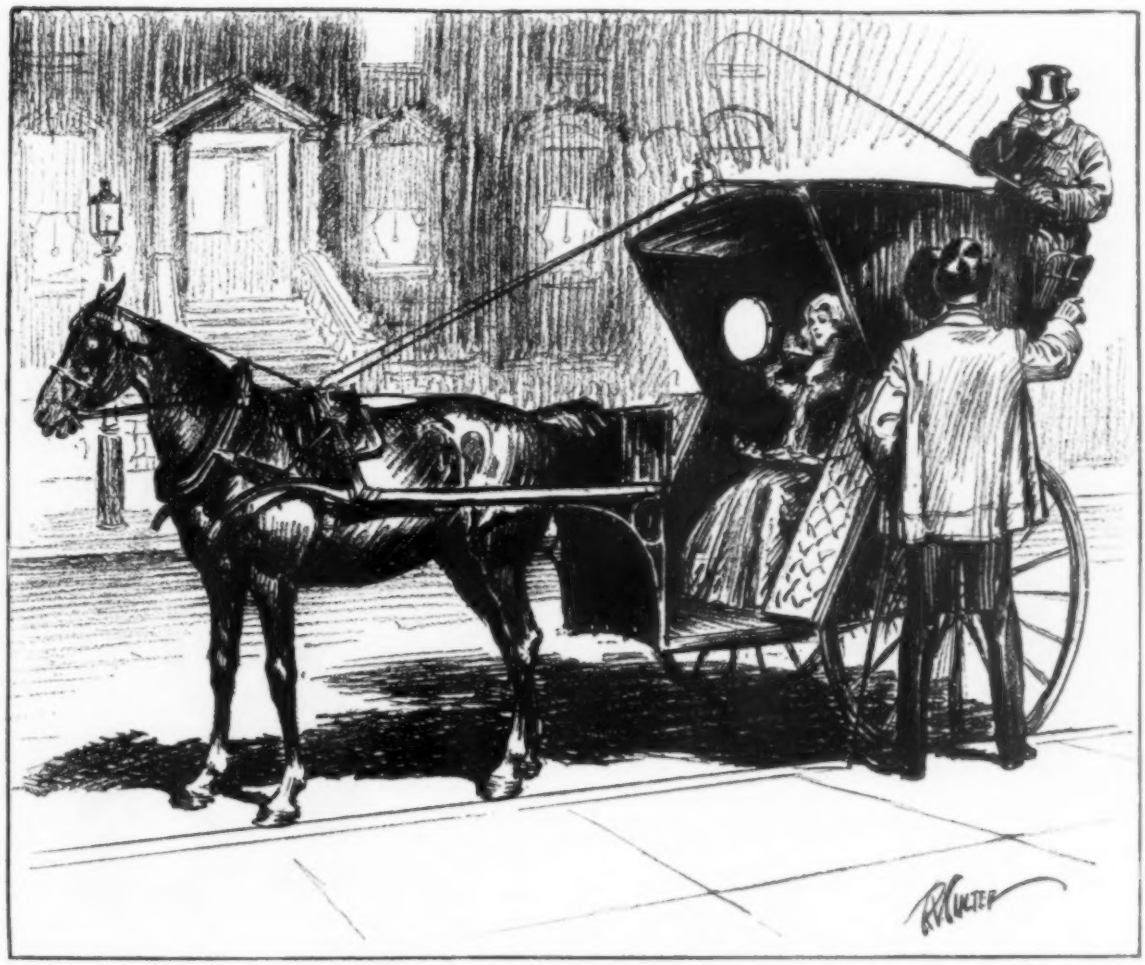
THE heir to the business had sauntered in from his two and a half hours among the ash trays, had looked over his mail, and at three-thirty had gone for the day.

"Do you remember," asked the silver-haired bookkeeper of the cashier, "how his father used to scheme to get away once a year to attend the opening baseball game?"

Bituminous Skywriting

JUDGING from the condition of the atmosphere in most of our large cities recently, the motto of the soft-coal miners during a hard-coal strike should be: "Excuse Our Dust."

THE Republican platform in 1928 will probably be constructed of aluminum, liberally whitewashed.



THE GAY NINETIES . . . HANDSOME WAS AS HANSOM DID.

The Complete Set

IT has a phonograph attachment which automatically puts on an "excuse" record when the static gets too bad.

It has an improved detector; that is, one that nabs bedtime stories, salad recipes, and health hints—and begs the company's pardon while it tosses a little T N T at the station broadcasting.

It shuts itself off promptly at the slightest hint of a yawn from a visitor.

It murmurs, "Yes, quite so" at times when the owner is doubtful about his distance record's being well received.

It has moments of cynical frankness when it is apt to drawl, "Yes, a radio is great fun sometimes, but sometimes a cheese sandwich is lots more entertaining."

It is politely silent when the owner expresses confidence in his ability to make a complete set himself.

It never sets the household in an uproar by a fist fight when left alone with the phonograph.

It will refuse to bring in a distant station with static, firmly selecting a nearer one without any.

It has an elaborate cabinet below filled with whisky, soda, brandy, champagne, and cracked ice.

Wayne G. Haisley.

NOW YOU TELL ONE

"IT grieves me beyond measure to arrest you," said the Prohibition Officer, "but the law must be enforced....No—I can not accept a bribe."

Selectivity Plus

"HOW'S your radio?"

"Fine, wonderful! Last night I got a quartette and tuned out the second tenor."

THE make-up of Henry Ford's anti-jazz orchestra, we understand, will not be complete until he can find some one to play the spare parts.

Perfect Interference

As supplied by the family when you are trying to get a distant station.

Mr. Glucass at Home

The Great Gadget Magnate Handles a Domestic Problem

"FRED," said Mrs. Glucass, as her husband handed his hat, coat and stick to the three flunkeys at the door of his home, "Junior was very bad to-day. He deliberately broke two of the stained-glass windows in the kitchen."

"The ten-thousand-dollar ones?" asked Mr. Glucass.

(Mr. Glucass was president of the United Gadget Company, and personally controlled the destinies of the Gadget Trust, the third largest industry in the United States.)

"No," said Mrs. Glucass; "if they had just been the ten-thousand-dollar ones I wouldn't have said anything, but they were that pair of fifty-thousand ones. I told Junior you'd come right up and spank him when you got home."

"Did you?" asked Mr. Glucass nervously. "I—I'll go up and see him after dinner."

"You'll go now," said his wife.

"If you say so—" said Mr. Glucass.

(He was known throughout the financial world as "Single-Track" Glucass, the man who could never be made to do anything he didn't want to do.)

"Hello, old bean," said Junior, when Mr. Glucass entered the boy's room.

"Daddy is very cross with you," said Mr. Glucass.

(The Gadget Company had a special home for Mr. Glucass' stenographers. It was called "The Nervous Wrecks' Retreat.")

"All I did, governor, was to bust a window," said Junior.

"You shouldn't break windows. It only makes daddy have to spank you. Come on, bend over."

"Aw, wait till I finish this chapter."

"LOOK, MOTHER, SHE'S GOT HER LOUD-SPEAKER ALL CLOGGED UP!"

"All right, but not longer than that," said Mr. Glucass.

(The King of England once had to send Mr. Glucass a personal apology because a Prime Minister had kept him waiting three minutes while deciding whether to send another hundred thousand soldiers to their death.)

Junior finished the chapter. Mr. Glucass sighed and took off his coat.

"Oh, daddy," wailed the boy, "I have such a pain—all of a sudden."

"Dear me," cried Mr. Glucass, intense anxiety in his voice, "what'll we do? I'd better call Mother."

(Billion-dollar corporations fought to get Mr. Glucass as a director because he never lost his head.)

"I don't think you need bother Mother," said Junior. "All I need is rest——"

He hopped into bed and Mr. Glucass kissed him good night. As Mr. Glucass started out of the room, Junior called after him:

"I wouldn't say anything to Mother, daddy; no use worrying her."

"That's very thoughtful of you, son," said Mr. Glucass. "You're a fine boy."

And Mr. Glucass shut the door carefully and went downstairs.

(Mussolini once said that the only man in the world whom he couldn't put anything over on was Frederick P. Glucass, of the Gadget Trust.)

Bertram Bloch.

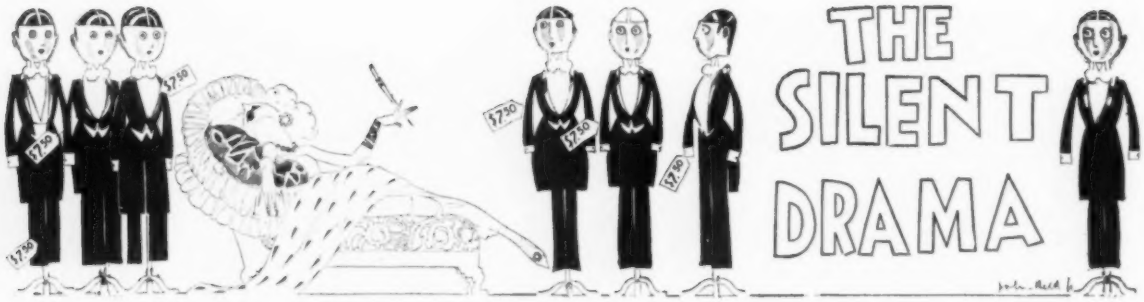
HOWARD: Have you any cider?

JAY: Yes, but it's hard.

HOWARD: Hard, is it? Give me a bite to drink.

The Perfect Radio Program

This is Station MEOW. Your announcer has just received notice that he has been awarded some kind of an award because he has refrained from referring to you as "folks."



"Moana"

WHEN I saw Robert J. Flaherty's picture, "Nanook of the North," four years ago, the weather was insufferably hot, and the "20° Cooler Inside" sign on the theatre was not strictly true; when I saw his more recent effort, "Moana," a blizzard was raging in inclement New York, and the mercury was flirting with zero.

Perhaps, then, the external elements have contributed somewhat to my appreciation of Mr. Flaherty as a fine artist — but I am more inclined to believe that his pictures would seem as genuinely great had their release dates been transposed.

"Moana" lacks the vigorous, stalwart drama that surged through "Nanook of the North," for the obvious reason that life in the South Seas is less heroic than life in the Arctic. *Nanook* spent his life in a continuous struggle to snatch the bare essentials of existence from the unfriendly snows; *Moana* could reach up and pluck his daily breadfruit from the low hanging branches of the luxuriant tropical trees.

Nevertheless, *Moana* is as admirable a figure as was *Nanook*. The details of his life, while not fraught with any particular perils, are absorbingly interesting, and the backgrounds of his activities, as pictured by Mr. Flaherty, are beautiful beyond words.

That is where Mr. Flaherty's artistry is apparent. He has the selective sense of a painter. He knows how to compose his scenes, or rather, how to record those scenes which have been most perfectly composed by nature. "Moana" is indescribably soothing to the eye.

ADOLPHE MENJOU
IN "THE GRAND DUCHESS AND THE WAITER"

I believe that "Nanook of the North" was fairly well supported by the public, and I sincerely hope that "Moana" will do as well. A man like Robert Flaherty (and there are all too few like him) deserves and requires encouragement. He has the ability to make pictures of real and enduring value. Unfortunately, he will not be given a chance to do so (the film business being what it is) unless those pictures turn in a profit.

"The Grand Duchess and the Waiter"

IT is about time for us critics to drop the word "promising" in connection with Malcolm St. Clair. On the strength of four exceptional pictures in a row, there is no doubt that he is definitely there (wherever that is).

His latest, "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter," is the most pretentious of his efforts to date; it is also the farthest removed from that distinctly native style of wit which has been so happily evident in Mr. St. Clair's previous ventures. Indeed, this fly, flippant comedy suggests Lubitsch, as represented particularly in "Forbidden Paradise." It proves that Mr. St. Clair's train of thought does not necessarily run on a narrow-gauge, one-way track.

Florence Vidor is the Grand Duchess and Adolphe Menjou the waiter, and they are both as close to perfection as it is possible for any one, in this day, to progress. Miss Vidor's beauty is heavily emphasized throughout the picture—and where else could emphasis be placed to equal advantage? The answer to that is, I don't know.

R. E. Sherwood.

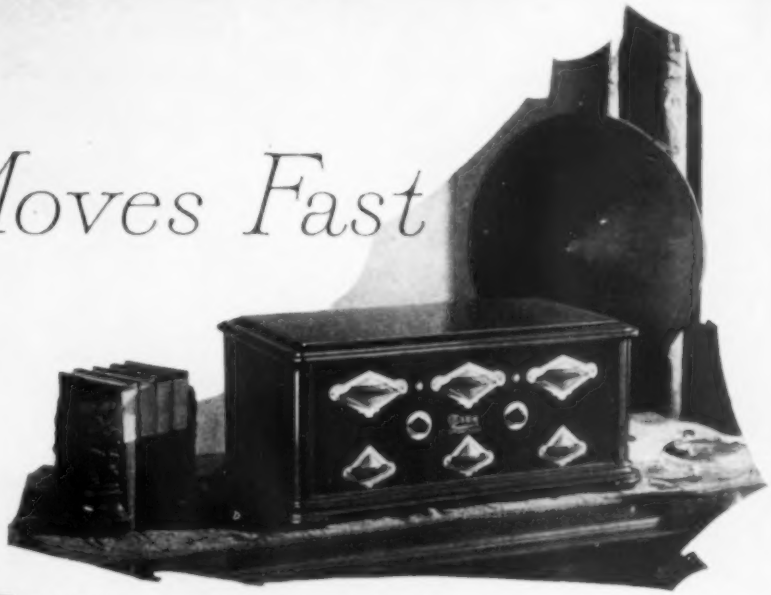
(*Recent Developments will be found on page* 33)

The Perfect Radio Program

This is Station MEOW. Four saxophonists, a politician and a contralto have entered the studio. This is Station MEOW signing off. Good night.

Today, Life Moves Fast

~especially in radio



WHILE it took thirty years for the automobile to reach its present development, in just half that time radio has been brought to the state of perfection of the Synchrophase.

The accurate, natural reception of the Synchrophase is the result of many fundamental advances in radio developed by Grebe during this period.

Even if you are not technically inclined, you will be interested in these developments* that enable the Synchrophase to give such remarkable performance.

There's the *"Colortone"*.* It gives you absolute command of the quality of sound so that you can control the loud speaker's performance and reduce noises, such as "scratchy static."

The *Binocular Coils** let you select the station you want, then keep the rest from spoiling the program.

The *Low-Wave Extension Circuits** enable you to reach all stations–over 100 not tuned by other sets.

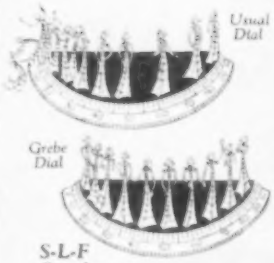
The *S-L-F Condensers** space all stations equally around their dials instead of crowding the stations together and thus making it difficult to separate them.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate; then compare Grebe reception with that of other receivers

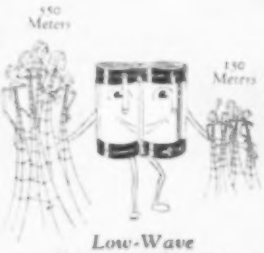
A. H. Grebe & Co., Inc., 109 West 57th St., New York
Factory: Richmond Hill, N. Y.
Western Branch: 443 So. San Pedro Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Binocular Coils
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
bring in the station you want: shut out the rest.

"Colortone"
gives control over the loud speaker's performance.



S-L-F Condensers
No crowding of stations; selection is easy, for all have equal space on dials.



Low-Wave Extension Circuits
bring in all high and low-wave stations—over 100 not tuned by other receivers.

*Found only on the Grebe Synchrophase.

The GREBE SYNCHROPHASE

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

It is written:
"Slow work produces fine goods"
Yet the Synchrophase is none the less perfect because rapidly developed.

This company owns and operates stations WAHG and WBOQ

GREBE RADIO TRADE MARK

All Grebe apparatus is covered by patents granted and pending.

The Heir of Fame

A humorist who had been staying at Stratford-on-Avon asked his landlady one day: "Who is this Shakespeare I hear so much about—was he a very great man?"

To this jocular question the landlady made serious reply: "Lor', sir, 'e worn't thought nothing on a few years ago. It's the Americans as 'as made 'im what 'e is."—*Putnam Book News.*

Fifty-Fifty

"How about this New York society belle who married the East Side boy?"

"Neither family thought the match suitable."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

LITTLE BOY (*a frequenter of the cinema*): Say, Ma, if you can't see your way to give me sixpence my love will turn to a fierce hate!—*Passing Show.*

YOU can lead men to Congress, but you cannot make them think.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

"MY BOY, IF YOU DIDN'T DRINK YOU'D BE A CORPORAL BY NOW."
"BUT, COLONEL, WHEN I DRINK I FEEL LIKE A GENERAL."
—*Pasquino (Turin).*

Standing By

The telephone rang in the radio store and was answered by the clerk.

"Will you please send your man to fix my radio? I can't get anything on it."

"The reason for your trouble, madam, is that there is an S O S on the air."

"S O S? Why, what does that mean?"

"Ship in distress."

"Dear me, isn't that too bad! Well, if I can be of any assistance please let me know."—*New York Evening World.*

Number, Please!

LADY (*former telephone operator*): Porter, why didn't you call me?

PORTER: Ah did. Ah said, "Seben-thirty," and you-all said de line was busy, and when Ah persisted you said, "So's your old man; git off de line or I'll knock you for a gool," so Ah did.

—*Mutual Magazine (Penn R. R.).*

CINDERELLA: Godmother, must I leave the ball at twelve?

THE GOOD FAIRY: You'll not go at all, if you don't stop swearing.

—*Williams Purple Cow.*

ADD similes of 1926: Smaller than a night-club dance floor.—*New York Sun.*

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. $5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, $1.60 a year; to Canada, 80 cents. Back numbers cannot be supplied.

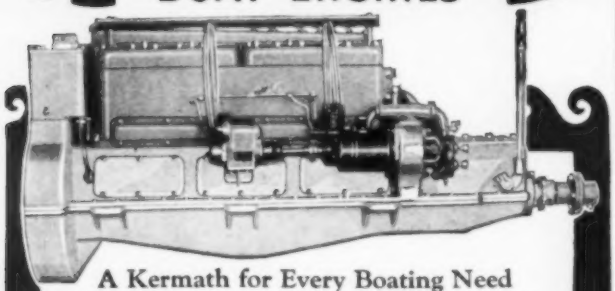
The foreign trade supplied from LIFE's London Office, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, London, E. C. Canadian distributor, The American News Company, Ltd., 386-388 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

The text and illustrations in LIFE *are copyrighted. For Reprint Rights in Great Britain apply to* LIFE, *Rolls House, Breams Buildings, Fetter Lane, London, E. C., England.*

No contributions will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE *does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.*

Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected.

KERMATH
BOAT ENGINES



A Kermath for Every Boating Need

Wherever you find motor boats there you will find the Kermath motor giving efficient and satisfactory service.

For years the Kermath has given this kind of service to thousands of owners in all prominent watering places of the world.

There is a wide price range so that no matter what your requirements, you can find the exact motor to fit your individual specifications.

Write today for specifications of the various Kermath models —installation plans, etc.

3 to 150 H.P.—$135 to $2,150

Kermath Manufacturing Company

4870 Commonwealth Ave. Detroit, Mich.
11 E. Wellington St. Toronto, Ont.
50 W. 17th St. New York, N. Y.

A Kermath Always Runs

Wetzel
Established 1874
2 and 4 E. Forty-Fourth Street
NEW YORK

THE prestige of WETZEL as tailors for gentlemen is recognized throughout the world.

Copyright by Wetzel

To drive a car with Body by Fisher not only indicates taste and discrimination, but it points the owner's recognition of the economies which result from sound construction and enduring finish

FISHER BODIES

BODY by FISHER

Milano No. 1747 is preferred by many pipe smokers because of its distinctive shape and fine balance.

The Sweetest Pipe In The World

Get more pleasure from smoking—treat yourself to a *really good* pipe! Milano is hand-fashioned from century-old Italian briar—especially seasoned to smoke sweet at the first puff and *stay* sweet always. It makes the best tobacco taste better—and it's just as good to look at as it is to smoke.

Milano comes in 37 smart shapes, smooth finish, $3.50 up. Rustic models, $4.00 up. All are "*Insured*" for your protection. Look for the White Triangle on the stem.

WM. DEMUTH & CO.
World's Largest Manufacturers of Fine Pipes
230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

MILANO
"The Insured Pipe"
"It's a W D C"
WDC TRADE MARK

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

The Threat

A darky named Sam borrowed $25 from his friend Tom, and gave his note for the amount.

Time went on, and the note became long past due. One day the two men met on the street. Tom stopped and said, with determination: "Look heah, man, when you goin' t' pay thet note?"

"I ain't got no money now," replied Sam, "but I'm goin' to pay it soon as I kin."

"Yo' been sayin' thet fer months," retorted Tom, "but it don't git me no money. Ef y' don't pay thet money here and now, y' know whut I'm goin' t' do? I'm goin' to burn yer old note; then whar'll yo' be at?"

"Yas, yo' will! Yas, yo' will!" Sam shouted. "Jes' yo' burn dat note o' mine and I'll pop a lawsuit onto yo'!"

—*Outlook.*

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Good Cause, but Slim

In reply to a query as to why he isn't leading a progressive campaign thus far this year, William Allen White illustrates the situation with a story:

"Why don't you strike?" asked the college professor of the Lawrence mule driver on the old street cars forty years ago, when the professor heard the story of a sixteen-hour day, for a dollar and a quarter, with the mule's board thrown in.

"Strike? Strike, hell!" said the driver. "What a raging riot me and Bill, the other driver, and the two mules would make charging down Massachusetts Street on a hot June day!"—*Kansas City Star.*

The Stargazer

A New York writer is keenly interested in astronomy. His wife is not, but is patient with his hobby. When visitors call he has them scanning the heavens through the telescope.

"Isn't it interesting for you?" said one enthusiastic visitor to the wife.

"Yes," she said, a little sadly, "but sometimes I think I enjoy things better nearer home."—*O. O. McIntyre, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Abbott's Bitters; a stomachic; meets every requirement of a tonic. Sample by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Nasty

FIRST NOTRE DAME STUDENT: Rockne wanted to get as far away from football as he could during his vacation.

SECOND DITTO: Why didn't he spend the winter at Harvard?

—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

GRANDMA (*looking up from paper*): It says here that young women are abandoning all restrictions. Now, mind, don't let me catch you goin' out without yours, Ethel!—*Collier's.*

War brought him his pipe-tobacco thrill

While Mr. Ellender of London isn't in favor of war for the purpose of finding a better tobacco, nevertheless one of the unforgetable memories of the last one seems to be his discovery of Edgeworth.

And the fact that Edgeworth tobacco is available throughout most of Europe has made it possible since the war for this Londoner to enjoy his pipe of peace.

Read his "hands-across-the-sea" letter:

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va. U. S. A.
Gentlemen:

I've just read in a magazine the remarkable letter of the traveling man in Seattle, who smoked five-eighths of a ton of Edgeworth tobacco.

Until early 1918 I didn't know that such pipe tobacco as Edgeworth was waiting to be enjoyed.

It was a U. S. Army man who gave me my first can, and with the idea that it couldn't be as good as the usual tobacco I had smoked since 1911, I decided to try a pipe.

I've smoked all kinds of tobacco during the war with the British Army. I even smoked tea leaves when I couldn't get tobacco—in fact, I smoked anything that would fill a pipe, but Edgeworth won all battles.

Right from the first can I've kept to Edgeworth at Base 3, Headquarters Section of the United States Army.

Your traveling man didn't have any trouble to obtain his supplies like I have had. Running around England for a dealer who stocked Edgeworth is not an easy run, but I have been amply rewarded when a dealer did say, "Yes, I have a stock."

Edgeworth doesn't bite the tongue—doesn't give that thirsty-after-smoking-feeling, satisfies always, and always comes in tip-top condition. I have to hide my can, for others like it like I do, but I cannot afford to supply them all. Let them search for it like I have done. Then they will enjoy it better.

Yours very sincerely,
Theodore Ellender.

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality. Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 16-O South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

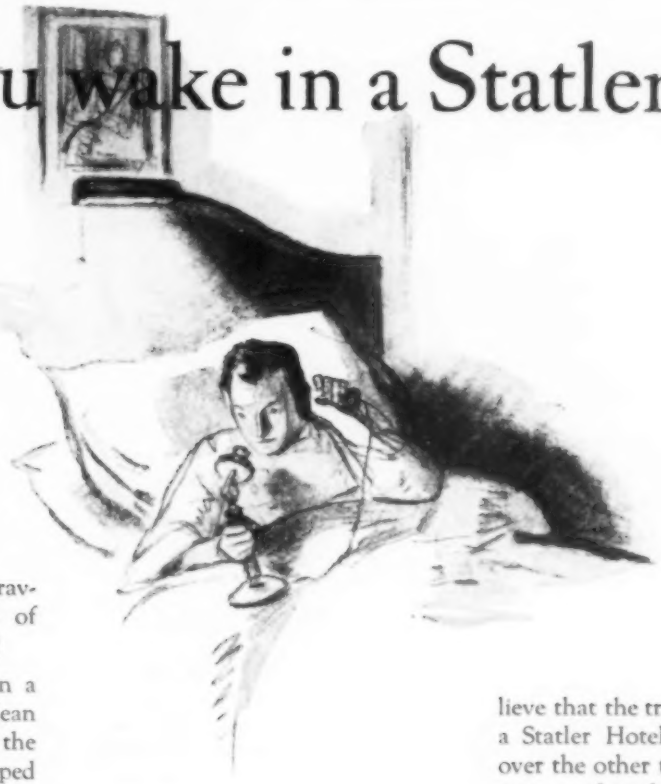
We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va. — the Edgeworth station. Wave length 256 meters.

When you wake in a Statler hotel



IF there's any time when a traveler misses the comforts of home, it's early in the morning!

But it's not so bad, really, in a Statler Hotel. There's your clean and inviting bath, and there's the morning paper which was slipped under your door while you slept. Your room is cheerful.

The telephone at your elbow will summon well-trained people if you want service—and you know that a good breakfast awaits you, either down in a restaurant or cafeteria, or here at your bedside if you want it sent up. Not so bad, really. Every night we're receiving thousands of tired men, who face a busy tomorrow with more confidence because they'll "be in a Statler tonight."

The extra equipment that is provided for your comfort is only a part, though, of the *extra value* which you get in one of these houses. We place much emphasis on the service—so much, indeed, that we promise you full and complete satisfaction in every transaction, or if something goes wrong, prompt and satisfactory adjustment by a superior of the employee who failed you.

Other things being equal, we believe that the traveler who wakes in a Statler Hotel has an advantage over the other traveler who wasn't quite so thoughtful of comfort—or of values. *It is especially wise to plan your week so that you may be in a Statler over Sunday; you're sure of a comfortable week-end.*

E M Statler

Rates are unusually low, in comparison with those of other first-class hotels:

Rates are from $3 in Cleveland, Detroit and St. Louis; from $3.50 in Buffalo, and from $4 in New York. For two people, these rooms are $4.50 in Cleveland and St. Louis; $5.00 in Detroit; $5.50 in Buffalo, and $6.00 in New York. Twin-bed rooms (for two) are from $5.50 in Cleveland, Detroit and St. Louis; from 6.50 in Buffalo, and from $7.00 in New York.

Boston's Hotel Statler is Building:

A new Hotel Statler is under construction in the Park Square District of Boston—to be opened late this year, with 1300 rooms, 1300 baths.

And an Office Building:

Adjoining the hotel will be The Statler Office Building, with 200,000 sq. ft. of highly desirable office space. The two structures will occupy the entire block.

Values, Values!

EVERY room in these hotels, whatever its price, has private bath, circulating ice-water, bed-head reading lamp, and other unusual conveniences. A morning paper is delivered free to every guest room. Each hotel has a cafeteria or a lunch-counter, or both, besides its regular dining rooms. All articles at news stands are sold at street-store prices.

STATLER HOTELS

Buffalo~Cleveland~Detroit~St. Louis

Hotel **Pennsylvania** *New York*

The largest hotel in the world—with 2200 rooms, 2200 baths. On Seventh Avenue, 32d to 33d Streets, directly opposite the Pennsylvania Station. A Statler-operated hotel, with all the comforts and conveniences of other Statlers, and with the same policies of courteous, intelligent and helpful service by all employees.

And Statler~Operated Hotel Pennsylvania~New York

Our Headache Corner

Edited by
HENRY HEADACHE

Edited exclusively for those who are occasionally afflicted with headaches. They are our best people, the ones with the superiority complex.

It is none of our business, how you got that latest headache.

* * *

We said "latest," because it won't be the "last."

* * *

But, however you got it—and will get the next one—it's a safe bet you'd like to know of a reasonable remedy.

* * *

One that doesn't leave you hollow-eyed, exhausted, an easy mark for another headache or what have you.

* * *

Rotten trick, isn't it, to string you along like this? Well, the answer, if you must know, is Kohler-Antidote.

* * *

It banishes the headache but doesn't punish the headache.

* * *

Be prepared. Look around now, find the nearest exit. Run, do not walk, to your favorite drugstore. They all have it.

Out Our Way

LIZZIE HARRIS is suin' Ben Harris for divorce on account of mental cruelty because she says that after he clatters around gettin' his own breakfast he insists on bringin' it in to the dinin'-room, right next to her bedroom, and the scrunchin' of his teeth in the toast gets her so nervous she can't go back to sleep.

Better than a Windshield Wiper—Clear Vision Through the Entire Windshield.

It's Dangerous and Nerve-Racking to Drive "Blindfolded" Like This.

NO-BLUR
FOR WINDSHIELDS

Apply Twice a Year

You can now have real and permanent relief from the danger and uncertainty of driving "Blindfolded" behind a rain-blurred windshield every time it rains. Simply apply NO-BLUR on your windshield every six months and you are always ready for Jupiter Pluvius. Whether spring showers or drenching downpours, NO-BLUR assures perfect vision through the ENTIRE windshield. NO-BLUR is a clear liquid compound. You can't even see it on your windshield after it is applied and you wouldn't know it was there but for its marvelous action each time it rains. No oil or grease to collect dust. One application lasts six months—will not wear or wash off. Even though your car is equipped with a mechanical windshield wiper you will welcome the added safety and convenience of being able to see clearly through the entire windshield instead of a scant semi-circle. NO-BLUR comes complete with cloths for applying. Each can contains enough for several semi-annual applications. Price $1 at accessory dealers or sent postpaid direct. The best dollar you ever spent. Results guaranteed.

STANDARD SALES CO., Dept. L-I, Memphis, Tenn.
Manufacturers and Distributors Automotive Products

Why Charleston?

HAS it ever occurred to you to wonder why this most insane of terpsichorean attempts has been christened the Charleston? After much thought and deliberation on the subject we have come to the conclusion that the entire idea was the brainchild of the Charleston Chamber of Commerce.

In Florida we find the Chamber of Commerce bragging of the reclaimed swamps which have been turned into lakelets of paradise; while the California organization advertises the charming weather that crops up between rainstorms, and latterly Charleston has offered for our approval an epidemic worse than the measles, scarlet fever, or housemaid's knee. Why is it that this dance was not called the Fort Wayne, the Detroit, the Baltimore, the Los Angeles, or the Philadelphia? The answer is that the respective Chambers of Commerce of these cities did not think of advertising by means of a dance. Instead of putting the name of the city on everybody's tongue, Charleston has succeeded in putting its name on everybody's toe. The unfortunate part of the whole publicity scheme is that after five minutes' acquaintance with Charleston's local product, the victim would think the city one of earthquakes, rather than a metropolis of wide streets, clean dirt, quiet cemeteries, and Chevrolet Coupés. (Please patronize our advertisers.) This old, aristocratic Southern city used to be called "The Golden City of the South," but it will hereafter be known as "The Fallen Arch Metropolis." Mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, and members of the Republican Party have all taken up this newest of fads. Ministers have said that the Charleston is immoral. If this be true we suggest that the Chamber of Commerce adopt for the slogan on its seal that famous North German Lloyd phrase, "Honi Soit Qui Mal y Danse." *Edward Hart Mayer.*

In the Beginning

ONE of the apes had proved that he could hang by one paw longer than the rest, which distinction gave him the right to express publicly his opinion on other subjects, of which he knew nothing or less.

"Is it your opinion," asked a representative of the *Jungledale Woof*, "that any of our remote progeny will degenerate into mankind?"

"It is not," said the ape indignantly, thereby founding fundamentalism.

"DID you get the song recital in London last evening?"

"Magnificently. I was as much annoyed by the coughing as if I had been right there in the concert hall."

You can get Apollinaris

at all Clubs, Hotels and high class drug and grocery stores.

"The Queen of Table Waters"

Sole Importers: Apollinaris Agency Co., Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, New York

What Price Insanity?

THE editor sat at his desk.
All wrinkled were his brows.
He gazed upon a manuscript
Entitled "What Price Cows?"

He flung it wrathfully aside
And chose another treatise,
Writ by a doctor old and learn'd,
On "What Price Diabetes?"

"Ye gods!" The ed's pathetic cry
Was terrible to hear.
"'What Price Potatoes, Cheese and Soup?'
And now it's 'What Price Beer?'"

In a padded cell, the editor
Sits mumbling, "What Price Brains?
What Price Analgesia?
Artichokes? Or Canes?

"What price everything we see?
What price every story?
What price all we eat or wear?
To hell with 'What Price Glory?'"

G. G. Carman.

DUMB DORA says she is going to wear an alarm clock instead of an ankle watch to keep her foot from going asleep.

GALE: By the way, where do they make the best mousetraps?
DALE: Detroit.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES
Refreshes Tired Eyes
Write Murine Co., Chicago, for Eye Care Book

THE SILENT DRAMA
Recent Developments

(*The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 26*)

Memory Lane. A quiet, unpretentious story of love in a small town, with a fine performance by William Haines.

The Skyrocket. Exploiting the name but not the talents of Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

The Song and Dance Man. Tom Moore, Bessie Love and practically nothing else.

The Black Bird. Another of those effective Tod Browning melodramas, with Lon Chaney making faces.

Hands Up. Raymond Griffith as a Confederate spy in the Civil War, and darned funny, too.

The American Venus. Atlantic City, one-piece bathing suits and one of the stupidest stories on record.

Mannequin. Something to laugh at for those who did not win *Liberty's* $50,000 scenario contest.

Mike. Marshall Neilan's five-foot shelf of old jokes.

Lady Windermere's Fan. Fine work by Irene Rich and Ronald Colman, under the inspired direction of Ernst Lubitsch.

Ben-Hur. The galleys, the chariot race and other famous thrills on a grand and glorious scale.

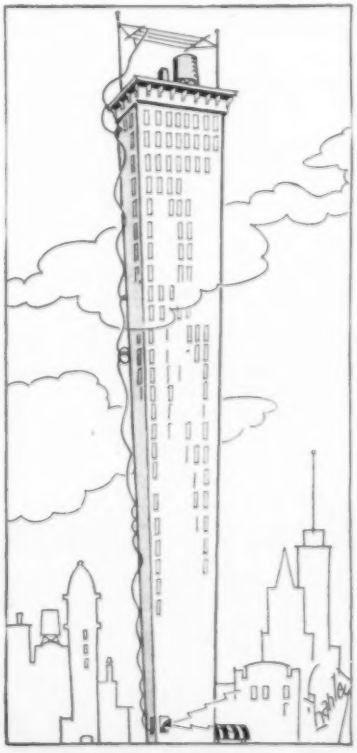
The Vanishing American. Worth seeing, in spite of several sour spots.

The Merry Widow. The soothing rhythm of a Viennese waltz, imparted to the screen by Erich von Stroheim.

Stella Dallas. Tearful drama of frustrated motherhood, beautifully acted and directed.

The Big Parade. A great picture.

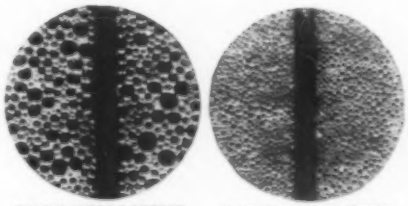
R. E. S.



THE GROUND-FLOOR TENANT WHO WOULD HAVE AN AERIAL

Quickly–it gets right down to the base of the beard

How **thousands of tiny moisture-laden bubbles penetrate deep down to the bottom of each hair, making it soft and pliable —ready for the razor.**



ORDINARY LATHER

Photomicrograph of lather of a well-known shaving cream surrounding single hair. Large dark spots are air—white areas are water. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against beard.

COLGATE LATHER

Photomicrograph prepared under identical conditions shows fine, closely knit texture of Colgate's Rapid - Shave Cream lather. Note how the small bubbles hold water instead of air close against the beard.

COLGATE chemists have found a way to soften the beard at the base scientifically. It is a unique shaving method — designed to soften the beard at the base with moisture. And remember, water, not shaving cream, is the real softener of your beard.

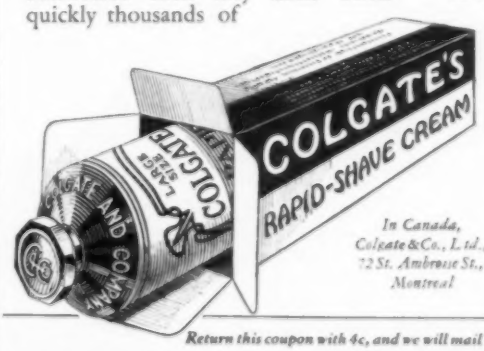
Colgate's is shaving cream in concentrated form—super water-absorbent. In this lather the bubbles are smaller, as the microscope shows; they hold more water and much less air; they give more points of moisture contact with beard.

So that the moisture may soak right into the beard, Colgate's first emulsifies and removes the oil film that surrounds each tiny hair. Then quickly thousands of clinging moisture-laden bubbles penetrate deep down to the base of the beard—bring and hold an abundant supply of water in direct contact with the bottom of every hair.

In this way the beard becomes properly softened right where the cutting takes place. "Razor pull" is completely done away with.

In addition, this creamy lather gently lubricates each stroke of the razor —makes it glide across your face without catching or dragging.

To learn what this new shaving method offers, send for a sample tube. Once you try Colgate's, you'll never go back to your former methods.



In Canada, Colgate & Co., Ltd., 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal

Colgate & Co. Est. 1806 NEW YORK

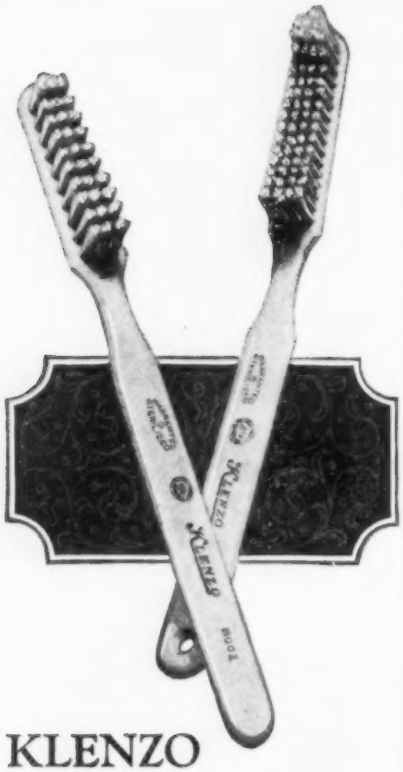
Return this coupon with 4c, and we will mail you a trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream

COLGATE & CO., *Dept. 149-C,* 581 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me the trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. I enclose 4c.

Name..... Address.....

Colgate's *softens the Beard at the Base*



KLENZO
BRUSHES Clean
All Your Teeth
All Over

ONLY genuine bristles are used in *Klenzo Brushes.* They are just stiff enough to clean every surface of your teeth thoroughly. Just soft enough not to hurt your gums.

A *Klenzo* really cleans *all* your teeth *all over.* Not a bit of film or particle of matter is left to cause decay.

Klenzo Tooth Brushes are made in eighteen styles—twelve for adults and six for children, including the exact shape for *your* teeth. Be sure to look for the name on each brush. Sold only at Rexall Drug Stores.

SAVE *with* SAFETY *at your*
Rexall
Drug Store
The Rexall Store
You will recognize it by this sign
Liggett's are also Rexall stores

Lines Upon Proceeding to Wreck a Radio Set

OH, tiny home-made set grotesque,
I fear you've had your day;
No more the hackneyed "Humoresque,"
"The Road to Mandalay,"
"The Meditation from 'Thaïs' "
Or "Madame Butterfly"
Will strain your tubes; you've won surcease—
And so, at last, have I!

For overmuch and overlong
My outraged ears you've dinned in
Ten times a night the selfsame song
By Amy Woodforde-Finden.
No more the price of hogs and grains
Will haunt my dreams; I'll lead a
Life of silence sans the strains
Of "Grand March from 'Aïda.' "

Farewell "Macushla" and "Machree,"
You never will be missed,
Together with "The Rhapsody"
Hungarian by Liszt.
The tearful tunes of "Träumerei"
My ears will be beyond,
As well as little *Lieder* by
One Carrie Jacobs Bond.

Through leagueless space, from countless throats
The same old songs will blare.
Let others catch their nightly notes—
I'll give 'em *all* the air;
And pray I may in time forget
"At Dawning," song accursed—
Come closer, homely home-made set,
I'll hack your headphones first!

Arthur L. Lippmann.

The City Editor's Nightmare

THE M. E. Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals issues statement praising a public official.

Charles M. Schwab voices extreme pessimism over the business outlook.

Two bootleggers go into bankruptcy.

Inebriated reveler nabbed in raid proves not to be a prominent clubman.

Telephone company does not demand further increase in rates.

Congressional Record suspends on account of lack of material.

Farmers deny that they are dissatisfied.

Mussolini grants his subjects the right to breathe.

"Abie's Irish Rose" released to stock companies.

"Official Spokesman" of White House treats the newspapermen to cigars.

Clarence Mackay announces that his favorite song is "Remember."

Robert Hage.

ONE nice thing about a radio is that when the people who insist on taking you riding on Sunday afternoons come to see you, you can get even.

MOTHERSILL'S
SEASICK
REMEDY

Stops and prevents the nausea of Sea, Train and Car Sickness. You can travel anywhere in any conveyance through its use.
75c. & $1.50 at Drug Stores or direct on receipt of price
The Mothersill Remedy Co., N. Y.

FOR DANDRUFF
GLOVER'S exercises an antiseptic effect on the scalp. Cleanses, stimulates. Send for GLOVER'S HANDBOOK on the Scalp and Hair; *free* on request.
It will tell you many things you should know.
Write Dept. P-2,
H. Clay Glover Co., Inc.,
119-121 Fifth Ave.,
New York City.
GLOVER'S
IMPERIAL
MANGE MEDICINE
At Druggists, Barbers or Hairdressers

Another Bedtime Story

A THRIFTY itinerant tinker thrilled at a thought while tinkering thoughtfully on a thin tin tank.

The tinker thought that while tinkers think unthankfully of tinkering this tender itinerant tinker would think thankful thoughts of tinkering tin tanks, thick or thin tin tanks. The itinerant thinker also thought that ten tinkers might think ten thousand times and tinker ten thousand tin tanks, thick or thin, and not think the thankful thought this tinker thought while tenderly tinkering a thin tin tank.

J. A. S.

DROPPING a pint on the sidewalk can't be considered a wise crack.

1000 Little Blue Books 5c EACH
CATALOGUE FREE! Send name and address for catalogue of 1000 classics in pocket size—fiction, drama, history, science, biology, poetry, philosophy and other subjects. All at 5c per book.
HALDEMAN-JULIUS CO.
Dept. 12 Girard, Kansas

INSIST UPON
KEMP'S BALSAM
FOR THAT COUGH!

CLEAR YOUR SKIN
of disfiguring blotches and irritations. Use
Resinol

Now Anyone Can Play a HOHNER HARMONICA

This FREE Book Will Prove It!

Thousands of people of all ages, in all walks of life, are now playing Hohner Harmonicas for entertainment, education and inspiration. Thanks to the new instruction book they are enjoying the popularity that comes to those who can play this fascinating musical instrument.

If there is any greater satisfaction than *listening* to good music, it is surely that of being able to *play* it. This Free Instruction Book, containing charts, pictures and popular musical selections, will enable *you* to play the Hohner Harmonica with an ease that is most surprising. Ask your dealer for a copy today; if he cannot supply you, write direct to M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 223, 114 East 16th Street, New York City.

Leading Dealers Everywhere Sell Hohner Harmonicas 50¢ up.

HOHNER Harmonicas

Irrelevant Questions

THERE are only three really good excuses for profanity in this world, and irrelevant questions are two of them. They are the bane of my existence.

All great men are troubled with them. Edison is the target of thousands of inquiries as to how he attained success and fame; Ford is eternally being asked why he doesn't build a six-lung lizzie; Coolidge is repeatedly being quizzed as to why he doesn't come out for disarmament; Jack Dempsey has to tell a hundred reporters a day when he expects to resume fighting, and so on, *ad infinitum.*

But none of 'em has anything on me. You see, I am the night clerk at a tourist hotel. *J. F. H.*

Lie

SOME day a United States Attorney is going to make a liquor arrest without describing it as the break-up of the biggest bootleg ring in the country.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

Rhymed Reviews

Porgy

By Du Bose Heyward — Geo. H. Doran Co.

COAL-BLACK, grim-visaged Porgy, free
Of lovely Charleston's Negro quarter,
Had legs too frail to let him be
A stevedore or Pullman porter.

He built himself a soap-box cart,
Attached a goat for transportation
And, drawn in state through street and mart,
Pursued the mendicant's vocation.

With Porgy lived the vagrant Bess
By dissipation scarred and branded;
She came to him in deep distress
When Crown, her lover, fled red-handed.

When outlawed Crown stole back by night
From sheltering swamps whence passion drew him
To win again his heart's delight,
The jealous Porgy knifed and slew him.

The deed was hid, the doer safe,
His soul unvexed by "but" or "whether,"
And he and Bess, that honest waif,
Might still have dwelt in peace together;

But ghouls who dealt in human flesh
Pursued and drugged her: nothing mattered,
And, caught in Fate's entangling mesh,
She left poor Porgy, bowed and shattered.

Their road is not the White Man's road,
They fear and shun his law and fetter,
But keep their own half-savage code
While on the way to something better.

And how much faster would they rise,
These children, joyous, wild and wayward,
If more of us could sympathize
And understand like Mr. Heyward.

Arthur Guiterman.

From a Club Chair

WHILE statesmen have been busy signing the treaties winding up the last war, another generation of brass bands has had time to grow up.

* * *

They say we are developing a national appreciation of art; I shall be ready to assent when a sculptor is elected chairman of the house committee of some important country club.

* * *

The perfect Ancient is one who is not too conservative to overbid his hand occasionally. *J. K. M.*

Dear Customers:

If you are kind enough to think there's anything in our:

(*a*) Freelance,
(*b*) Wanted by the Dear Public,
(*c*) For Share,
(*d*) If I were the Charles Addison Parker of Nursery Rhymery . . . .
(*e*) The First Twenty Words,

which would help someone to have a little more faith in Life . . . and in the power of courageous writing . . . it would give me real pleasure to place that someone on our mailing list. You know, there are ever so many clever men and women who can do writing of this expansive sort . . . and who would love to do it! . . . if they could once know, for sure, how successful it is.

Charles Addison Parker

Writer of Advertising Copy, 565 Fifth Ave., New York

Genuine
BAYER
ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Headache Neuralgia Colds Lumbago
Pain Toothache Neuritis Rheumatism

Safe → Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.
Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

The Thinker

AMOS R. BUMP, Assistant General Sales Engineer of the Killzem Rat-Trap Associates, Inc., was concentrating. Upon his nice, clean desk was a nice, clean pad and upon that pad in a nice, clean hand Mr. Bump was writing. He paused and surveyed what he had written. Then he wrote again.

Miss Wince, his secretary, padded into the room.

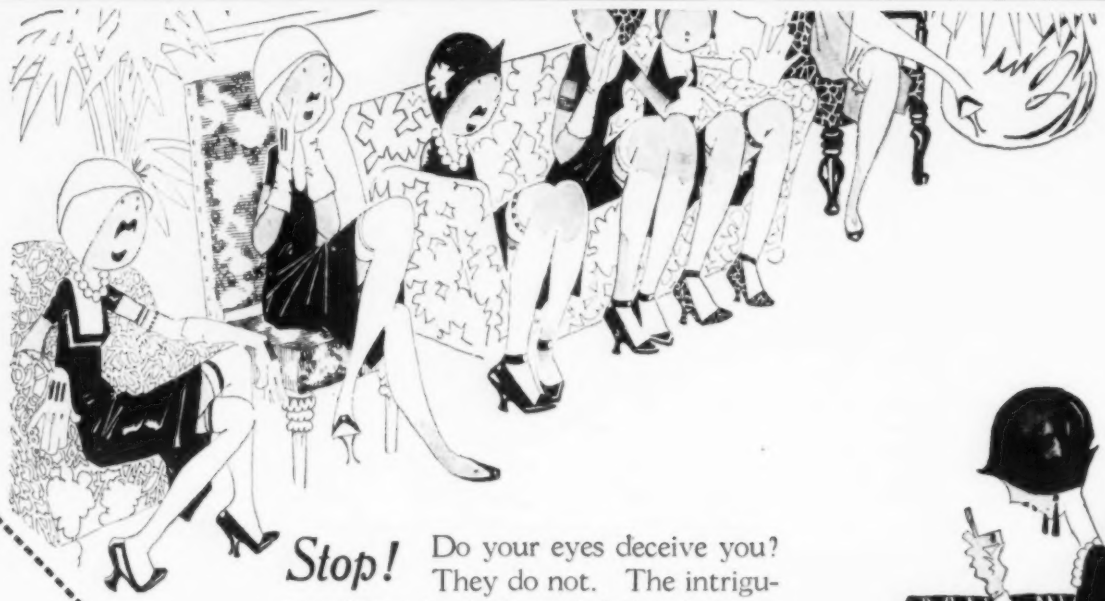
"Mr. Schimmel of Schimmel, Schimmel, Schimmel & Schimmel is here," she whispered. "He has a luncheon engagement with you."

Mr. Bump groaned. He hated having a train of thought derailed.

"One interruption after another," he growled. "How is a man to find time to solve his problems?" And he stamped out to greet Mr. Schimmel.

Upon that desk on that nice, clean pad, exposed to the gaze of those who cared to observe, lay the fruit of Mr. Bump's morning endeavor. And this was the message, reading from left to right: "Amos R. Bump——A. R. Bump——A. Remington Bump."

S. P.



Stop! Do your eyes deceive you? They do not. The intriguing object in the lower left-hand corner is no other than Ye Olde Subscription Coupon, placed there for YOUR benefit. This coupon, plus one dollar, will admit you to ten consecutive issues of

Life

the best Spring tonic on the market. Do it NOW.

Obey That Impulse!

LIFE
598 Madison Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me LIFE for ten weeks, for which I enclose One Dollar (Canadian, $1.20; Foreign, $1.40).

.....
(404)
.....
.....

By the Year, $5.00
(Canadian, $5.80; Foreign, $6.60)

BUSH TERMINAL PRINTING CORPORATION, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

MOTOR CARS come and go. But only once in a blue moon comes a car so solidly built and backed that a blase and skeptical public will accept it instantly and without question as something decidedly newer and finer and worthier in motor car design and performance. This newest Paige is such a car. And because in the great new Paige factories .... acclaimed by foremost engineers finest in all the industry .... five cars can be built where only one was built before, Paige has set a price upon this newest car many hundreds of dollars lower than that of any former Paige.

PAIGE

The MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

ATWATER KENT RADIO

Radio, yes—but what *kind?*

RADIO in the home is accepted. The question more and more homekeepers are asking is: "What *kind* of radio?"

Yourself, for instance. Do you not require reliability and simplicity? Softness and trueness of tone? Freedom from unwanted noises? And, of course, ability to get the programs you prefer, over a wide range, and to exclude the others?

And do you not equally insist on agreeable appearance? On convenience? On beauty and unobtrusiveness as well as utility and efficiency? On *friendly* radio? On radio which you buy for the pleasure it will give you, not for the space it will fill?

So many persons have answered "Yes" that we have built for them—for homes of inevitable good taste—a receiving set which is full-powered, five-tubed, robust, complete, but is only 19¾ inches long, 6½ inches high, 5¾ inches deep!

It has all the parts—full size—of our larger models. They are rearranged in a mahogany cabinet only half as big—no bigger than a row of a dozen books, no taller than your fountain pen.

This receiving set is the Atwater Kent Model 20 Compact.

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING

The Atwater Kent Radio Hour brings you the stars of opera and concert, in Radio's finest program. Hear it at 9.15 Eastern Time, 8.15 Central Time, through:

WEAF	*New York*	WFI	*Philadelphia*
WJAR	*Providence*	WOO	*alternating*
WEEI	*Boston*	WCAE	*Pittsburgh*
WCAF	*Washington*	WGR	*Buffalo*
WSAI	*Cincinnati*	WOC	*Davenport*
WCCO	*Minn.-St. Paul*	WTAG	*Worcester*
WEAR	*Cleveland*	KSD	*St. Louis*
WLIB	*Chicago*	WWJ	*Detroit*

Send for illustrated booklet of Atwater Kent Radio

ATWATER KENT MFG. COMPANY
A. Atwater Kent, President
4753 WISSAHICKON AVE. · PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Receiving Set illustrated is the Model 20 Compact, $50. The Radio Speaker is the Model H, $22.